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THE

CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE;

OR,

LEAVES FROM A TROUBLED LIFE.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

SOME years ago the people in that part of the beautiful county of Wicklow which adjoins the Vale of Glendalough were puzzled by the appearance of an aged man who suddenly took up his abode in a cottage between Laragh Bridge and the Valley. This cottage had been for years and years inhabited only by an old woman and her grandson, a bright boy of twelve or fourteen. The house had once been a snug little farmhouse, but for many years past decay had been making sad inroads on its once snowy walls, and the kitchen was the only part of it in use, that being quite sufficient for the accommodation of the humble occupants. The story of the deserted cottage is but too common in Ireland. The widow of its former owner, being unable to pay the advanced rent demanded by the agent of her absentee landlord, was turned out on the world, and her farm thrown into a sheep-walk. For years after no one could be got to inhabit the cottage, fearing that the widow's curse might be in and around it. At last it received as a tenant old Milly Nolan whose youth and middle age had been past in the service of the agent's family. As no one else would live in the cottage, Milly was occasionally permitted to take shelter in its mouldering walls with her then infant grandson, whose father, her son, had been a soldier and died abroad. The poor boy's mother had died in giving birth to little Tony, so that the child was solely dependent on his aged relative. Milly contrived "to keep the life in them," as she used to say herself, "by showin' the Churches an' things to the quality from abroad that came to see the sights in the glen within." Tony, too, being, as we intimated before, a smart, active lad, was soon able to do a little business on his own account in the *cicerone* department. His extreme youth, coupled with his natural quickness and that precocious humor which distinguished him from all his brother or sister-guides, made him exceedingly popular with all tourists, so that "Little Tony" was more in demand, by the time he was twelve years old, than any other "guide" about the Seven Churches. Hardly a day went over his head—at least during the summer months—that he did not bring home some silver pieces to his granny, and his exultation knew no bounds when the querulous old woman used to say in a tone of surprise that was not quite free from vexation:

"Why, then, bad cess to you for a *sprissaun*, where in the wide world do you get all the money you do?—I'm sure I don't know how it is that you always get more from the quality than any one else!"

One fine summer morning when the brown mountains and the dark glen were looking their best, and the world outside was all joy and sunshine, the old man already mentioned alighted from a jaunting-car at Milly's door, much to Milly's surprise, for Milly "had never laid eyes on the decent man before," and the car-boy told her he had driven him from Roundwood where he staid over night "at the head-inn, no less." So Milly could only drop a low curtsey, and offer a seat to the stranger, with a "God save you, sir," while Tony, drawing back into a corner, took a leisurely survey of the "sosh ould gintleman," whose sun-burnt face told of a protracted sojourn in torrid climes. The car-boy, to the full as curious as either of the others, having thrown his horse a handful of hay from the well* of the car, took up his station half in and half out the doorway, with his shoulder resting against the post, so as to see and hear what was going on between "Milly the Glen" and the strange traveller from foreign parts.

Great was the astonishment of the three listeners when the old gentleman asked Milly if she could rent him a room. "Humph!" said the car-boy to himself, "he's no great shakes after all, when it's here he'd hang up his hat," and he glanced contemptuously round on the half-ruinous walls of the little dwelling. "He's not right *at* himself," was Milly's first thought. "He's a queer customer, I'll go bail," was Tony's more correct idea.

Milly's apprehensions with regard to the old man's senses were very considerably lessened by his handsome offer for the use of the little room and her general services, and by the time he had taken out a sovereign and placed it in her hand as "earnest," she would have taken her book-oath, if anybody asked her, that "there wasn't a thing the matter with him—barrin' the outlandish beard he had, an' the quare ould face for all the world like a leprachaun or something that-a-way."

All Milly's excuses about the miserable condition of the place were thrown away on the stranger who appeared to take no notice of them whatsoever. When he had seen his baggage, consisting of two trunks, safely lodged in the best of the two rooms, he got on the car again, and telling the wondering car-boy to drive him back to Roundwood, away the car jingled, leaving Milly and her grandson to rub their eyes and get over their astonishment as best they could. Towards evening the car rattled back again, bringing the stranger and some necessaries for his new *menage*. Soon after a carman arrived with a bed and bedding, and some other few articles of furniture, and it took Milly and Tony all the evening to put things to rights by bed-time, the old man having walked abroad after supper and left the house to themselves.

"By dad, Tony, agra! this is great luck for us," observed Milly, "but what in the world brings him here do you think?"

Tony's shrewdness was altogether at fault—"he couldn't make head or tail of it." "But did you see how he went about the house, granny? just as if he had been in it all his days!"

"Wisha, then, Tony, I noticed that myself, an' the way he looked about him, too, with the tears in his poor ould eyes—do you know what came into my head, Tony?"

Of course Tony did not know, whereupon his granny vouchsafed graciously to enlighten him. "Only it's easy to see that the ould gintleman comes from beyond seas, I'd be most sure that this wasn't the first time for him to be here——"

"Whist, granny! here he comes!"

How far correct Milly was in her shrewd surmise the sequel will tell, but however that might be the stranger soon made himself quite at home in the neighborhood. Although he frequently took Tony for a companion in his rambles, it was evidently more for the pleasure of his company than from any need of his guidance. Before Tony had gone with him many times, he told his granny in confidence that "the ould gintleman knew every foot of the place as well as he did. Sorra bit but he could find his way with his eyes shut." Milly heard this with a gleeful chuckle, as it went to confirm her own opinion. "An' as for the Saint," went on Tony, "why, he knows all about him, granny. There isn't a guide about the Seven Churches could hould a candle to him. Whiles I think * must be fairy, Lord save us! for you'd sw[illegible]ne was to the fore in the Saint's own time."

"Wisha, then, Tony avick! but you make my flesh creep, so you do!—an' how does he say he came by so much knowledge as he has?"

"Why, he says he got most of it out of books, but, *inagh!* they'd be the quare books that 'id tell him all *he* knows! I'll tell you what it is, granny, I'm gettin' afeard of him—I don't half like the way he gropes about among the graves, and, listen hither, granny!" The boy drew down his grandmother's head, till he whispered in her ear: "when he goes in, at times, to the graveyard, he makes *me* wait outside till he comes back—either that or sends me off home. Isn't that quare?"

An exulting laugh was Milly's answer. "Not a bit quare, Tony agra! it's jist as I tould you at first—there's some of his people in it, an' he doesn't want *you* to see what grave he goes to. Watch him now, an' you'll see if I'm not right."

Tony watched accordingly, and from his perch on the churchyard wall behind a tall elm, he saw the mysterious old man kneeling by a neglected grave in a remote corner, his tears falling fast and thick on the long grass. There was nothing ghostly about this—it was real human sorrow, and it went to Tony's heart. From that day forward he attached himself to the stranger, and followed him in all his wanderings as a faithful dog follows the footsteps of a kind master. And kind the stranger was to Tony, whose affection he quickly saw and appreciated. He seemed pleased to have the boy with him, and loved to draw out his quaint, old-fashioned drollery by encouraging him to talk without reserve. They were an oddly matched pair, drawn together by some invisible link which it would puzzle the most astute metaphysician to define.

The sudden appearance of the stranger, and the seclusion in which he lived, gave rise to many strange reports, and for some time he was persecuted with inquiries, both public and private, as to who and what he was, and whence he came. The professional services of Milly and her grandson were in greater request than they had ever been, but the public curiosity seemed to be transferred for the time from St. Kevin and his traditionary miracles to "the mysterious hermit," as the ladies, especially, loved to call our unknown. It was seldom, however, that they managed "to get their eyes on him," for once he found out that he was the greatest *lion* of the place, he studiously kept out of the way during visiting hours. His ingenuity was, it is true, put to the stretch, for parties of curious ladies, and not less curious gentlemen, arrived at all hours under pretence of seeing the Valley at sunrise, at noon, at sunset—or by moonlight, as the case might be. Some of the night arrivals, being told in answer to their whispered inquiry that the old man was in bed, insisted on Milly's making some excuse to open the door that they might get even a distant glimpse of him. The request being backed by a piece of silver Milly's fidelity was put to the proof, and she seemed half inclined to yield, but Tony indignantly made answer that they wouldn't disturb the gentleman for all the money in Dublin town.

"Well, well, Tony! I b'lieve you're right," said Milly, "I know if he woke up on us, we'd be kilt entirely." Further expostulation was useless, so the disappointed tourists went off in a pout, declaring that they'd never set foot in the Valley again, nor a sixpence of their money Milly should ever handle.

Next morning Milly took the first opportunity of relating what had passed over night,

* To those who have never seen that peculiarly Irish conveyance a jaunting-car, it will be necessary to explain that the *well* is the middle portion of the vehicle, bounded on either side by the back rails.

The old man heard her with a smile, till she wound up with: "It's well come up with them, indeed, to be goin' on their *tower*, drest up like any quality! It's little bother 'the sights' 'id give them, I'm thinkin', if it wasn't for their ould lad of a father that turned for wife, an' got an elegant fine house an' a power o' money with her. The dirty drop is in them, if they were hangin' in diamonds!"

"Mind your own business, woman!" said the stranger with sudden emotion, and rising from the table, he left his hardly-tasted breakfast, and calling Tony to follow him as soon as he had broken his fast, rushed out of the cottage, leaving its inmates to make what comments they pleased on his strange and unaccountable emotion.

When Tony, with a whack of oaten bread in his hand, overtook him, a few minutes after, on the road to the Churches, he could hardly get a word out of him. They entered the dreary Valley, and there the old man, seating himself on a stone by the road-side, fixed his eyes on his wandering attendant who stood silently before him looking at everything but him. "Tony!" said the old man. "Well, sir!" "I'm going to give you an advice that will be better to you than silver or gold!"

"I'm very thankful to you, sir!" said little Tony.

"Never give up your religion, Tony! no matter what comes or goes, *keep it* hard an' fast!"

"Is it to turn my coat, you mane, sir?" said Tony half indignantly. "Ah, then, with God's help, there's little danger o' that anyhow!"

The stranger shook his head. "Don't be too sure of that, Tony, my man!—I've seen some in my time that were as steadfast as ever you could be—ay! till they were men—big, and yet, Tony! the world and the devil got the better of them—yes, my boy! and they sold themselves body and soul for—pshaw! no matter what!"

A party of tourists were now seen descending the steep path from St. Kevin's Bed, and the old man left the Valley precipitately, muttering to himself: "If the half of them staid at home and minded their business 'twould answer them better. This is no place for idle curiosity, and it's not one in a hundred of them that has any other motive in coming here."

A year or two of this kind of life seemed to sooth the stranger's troubled mind, and in the practice of religious duty, with such works of charity as presented themselves in that secluded spot, his days rolled on in peace. The only one whom he visited was the parish priest, and with him many of his hours were spent. Many attempts, direct and indirect, were made to get at his history through the priest—for people had all made up their minds that his reverence knew all about it—but pumping and sounding, and all the other ingenious contrivances failed. If Father Sheehan knew the secret, he kept it to himself.

It was not till the old man's death, which occurred about two years after his arrival in the neighborhood, that his story was made public, and then by his own request, in order, as he said, to deter others from treading that path which he had found so fatal. The following is that portion of his autobiography left in the hands of the priest for publication. It may be well to mention that little Tony was not forgotten. Twenty good pounds were left him by his old master, quite enough "to make a man of him," as old Milly said, but it didn't make a man of him, for Tony was still "little Tony, the guide-boy," and for many and many a long year after his twenty sovereigns lay snugly away in company with some pounds of silver, in Milly's "old stocking" somewhere up in the thatch over the house-door.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE;

OR,

LEAVES FROM A TROUBLED LIFE.

The term *apostate* is a harsh one to apply to one's self, and I must confess I do not half like the look of it when I have it down in black and white. Truth must be told, however, and I know very well that long before my story is ended the Catholic reader will have no qualms about the application of the word, so I may as well anticipate the verdict.

How I came to fall away from the faith of my ancestors is at times a marvel to myself, although when I have traced the course of my apostacy, my readers will find it all so natural as to excite no surprise in them. The same causes have, doubtless, produced, and will again produce, the same effects in those who voluntarily thrust themselves into temptation, when far away from the healthful influences and the salutary restraints that made their home-life virtuous and happy. For their benefit, then, I will do violence to my proud heart and tear open the festering wounds which time, the great healer, has partially closed.

My childhood and youth were past amid scenes calculated to nourish piety by raising the mind from earth to heaven. I was born in Wicklow County, in the immediate neighborhood of Glendalough, "the Irish Palmyra," as it has been aptly called. The particular "spot where I was born" is of little consequence to the reader, suffice it, then, to say that it was about midway between Laragh bridge and the entrance to the Valley, somewhat nearer the latter. My father was a small farmer, rather easy in his circumstances, inasmuch as he was always able to face the landlord on quarter-day, and was, moreover, the owner of considerable stock, principally consisting of those goats whose milk converted into "whey" is a favorite specific for impending consumption among the inhabitants of the Irish metropolis. The scant herbage of those mountains is peculiarly palatable to the hardy animal whose presence alone gives life to many a desert-scene in that wild, remote region. Many of my childish days were passed following the goats over and around the mountains which encircle the gloomy vale, and it was my pleasure to clamber after my sure-footed companions to the highest steep of Derrybawn or Lugduff, and thence look down on the wondrous scene beneath and around me. The gloom of St. Kevin's Valley was awful to me, and when, at times, I did venture down amongst the mouldering relics of the past with which it is so thickly strewn, the silence and utter loneliness of the place chilled my young heart. And yet I loved dearly to tread my way amongst the old tombstones, half-buried in the grass, and creep under the crumbling arches at the apparent risk of being crushed beneath some falling fragment. The danger, however, was only imaginary, as I soon found out. The masonry at Glendalough is proof against time and the elements, as grey and seemingly as indestructible as the dark rocks around. Much of it will stand in all probability to the judgment-day, like the faith which reared those sacred piles in the infant days of the Irish Church.

As a general thing, however, the children of the neighboring district have no fondness for the Glen. The everlasting gloom which rests upon it, owing, I believe, to the dark coloring of the steep mountains around—the silence that broods within it "from night till morn from morning till dewy eve"—the air of solemn mystery which overhangs the ruins, with the weird and lonely pillar-tower rising like a tall spectre high over all—oh! it is a scene of more than desert solitude, and its desolation is oppressive even to persons of mature age.

Some of my very earliest recollections are of devotional assemblies in the old stone-roofed chapel, known to our antiquarians as St. Kevin's Kitchen. Its wonderful state of preservation induced some former parish priest to make use of it as a chapel of ease, for the convenience of the surrounding peasantry, and during all the years of my youth it was our general place of worship. It was there my mother took me by the hand on Sunday and holiday mornings to hear Mass, followed by a colloquial discourse from his reverence Father Brannigan, the most paternal and the best natured of all old priests. It was there we children assembled again in the afternoon for Catechism, and I can well remember the various traditional anecdotes of the great St. Kevin and his successors in the Abbacy of Glendalough, wherewith his reverence used to diversify his familiar instructions. It was in that lone mountain-chapel, amid the mouldering bones of many generations, close by the silent city of the dead that I, with a brother and sister, made my first Communion, and the simple joy of our parents is even now vividly before me, although forty and three years have passed since that auspicious day, and the snow of a premature old age has settled on my head.

When a few more years had rolled away I began occasionally to make my stations, that is to say, to perform at a certain spot within the consecrated vale, a certain number of prayers and penitential works, cheering my drooping spirits ever and anon with thoughts of the superhuman endurance with which St. Kevin and many other holy men had there undergone all manner of austere self-punishment and mortification. So great was my fervor then that I wished I had lived when Glendalough was a city and the old Abbey and the Seven Churches were all frequented by saints, who spent much of their time in prayer and penance. Many a time I made my mother laugh by wishing with a heavy sigh that I could be a saint. I often wished her to tell me what the saints used to do, but my poor mother, although well acquainted with the popular tradition of the place, was not much versed in hagiology, and from her I learned passing little of the real every-day life of the holy anchorets around whose desert retreat a city had sprung into existence. She told me to ask Father Brannigan, but I never found courage to do so.

At a later period of my life I learned more about the past of what I might call my native Valley than any of my immediate progenitors had ever dreamed of in their pastoral simplicity. Looking back on that religious solitude with the light of history and of antiquarian lore, it has a character of supernatural sublimity, and over it hangs a cloud of mystery which enhances its solemn and gloomy grandeur. As I gambolled with my brothers and sisters, and other pupils of the hedge-school kept within a bow-shot of the Glen's mouth by the self esteemed philomath Patricius O'Grady, none of us ever thought of St. Lawrence O'Toole, when Abbot of Glendalough, going out in the dead of night to that very graveyard to pray for the souls of the generations who slept beneath. Even had we known it we could not then have appreciated the strong faith and the tender charity which moved the soul of the holy Abbot during those mystic communings with the Master of Life and Death amongst the mournful dwellings of the dead. Still, even with the knowledge I had then, I reverenced the saints in general, but especially the great St. Kevin of Glendalough, whom I considered as holding a very important post in the court of heaven.

My recollections of the Valley are not all of a sombre or religious kind. Once a year during the merry month of May, the people flocked into the Valley from all the surrounding parishes to celebrate the patronal feast, and then, at least, the old walls and the lake shore and all the lonesome glen resounded with shouts of harmless merriment and light-hearted glee. It was a sort of carnival for the whole country-side, and it seemed as though every soul of the laughing, frolicsome crowd went there with the fixed intention of making the glen as noisy and as full of life for that one day as it was silent and lugubrious all the year round.

It was, on the whole, a joyous and a stirring scene, and were it in any other place but the Valley of Gendalough I could look back on it with unalloyed pleasure. As it is, with the more correct taste arising from some degree of cultivation, I cannot bear to dwell on "the patron," because it jars on my recollections of the silent and holy glen, just as I would shrink from disturbing the stilly surface of its dark waters where the grey old ruins have been mirrored from time immemorial. Taking one thing with another my peasant life near Glendalough was both innocent and happy, but it passed away all too soon, and left me alone and unsheltered in a new and, alas! a far more trying phase of my existence.

When I was about sixteen my father died, and although my eldest brother was come to man's estate and had been for years the chief manager of our little farm, still the head of the house was gone, and the family began to scatter. One or two of the boys, younger than I, took it into their heads to learn trades, and my mother did not wish to prevent them, although it made her heart ache to see any of us leaving the paternal cottage, and worse still, passing from under the maternal care. My eldest sister was sent to keep house for an uncle whose wife had died, and another went "to serve her time to a manty-maker," as the all-important fraternity of dress-makers are styled by the Irish peasantry, in utter disregard of etymological propriety. For myself, I all at once discovered that herding goats on the mountains was not my vocation, and the ruins of Glendalough had no longer the same attractions for my newly-awakened spirit. The lough's "gloomy shore" might be a very pleasant moonlight ramble for the troubled ghost of the fair Kathleen, but to me it became a very dull, commonplace sort of thing, and I even began to laugh at the time-honored traditions wherewith tourists are successively entertained, for which contumacious heteredoxy I got "my head in my fist" sundry times from the wrathful "guides," the Hades of those scenes.

At heart, however, I still reverenced the sanctity of the place, and I never could pass any of the Seven Churches or the old Abbey-wells without a feeling of religious awe. This was strengthened, unconsciously to myself, by a tradition which I have since found common to all, or nearly all, the ecclesiastical ruins of Ireland, but which I then only knew in connection with our own Valley. It was one of those which I earliest heard, and it took, of all others, the deepest hold on my imagination. The legend went that in old, old times, no one knew how long ago, a certain graceless wight who had spent his Saturday night and Sunday morning in a shebeen-house up somewhere amongst the mountains, was taking a short-cut home through the Glen at the very hour when Mass was going on in the chapels all the country round. All at once the sonorous chime of a church-bell broke on his ear, and turning round in a fright what should he see but a priest saying Mass in the old Teampul-na-Skellig where there was no roof but the blue sky, and hardly enough of the walls remaining to shelter a banshee. It was a ghastly sight for mortal eye to look on, for the priest was not of this world, nor yet the cowled monks who formed his congregation. Spectres they all were, sent to warn the unhappy reprobate, as he well knew, of the tremendous value of the Holy Sacrifice. Tradition says that the lesson was not lost on the careless sinner who, from that time forward, was careless no more, and never after neglected the command to sanctify the Sabbath at least by hearing Mass. Let no one scoff at this simple legend, for in it lies a profound meaning, and it is such traditions that help to keep the faith alive and ever burning in the hearts of a Christian people. Well for me and many, many others if we had never been drifted by the current of life out of the reach of these moorings. Many of those who bear the brand of *Apostate* will echo these words with a sad and heavy heart. But now for my "ower true tale."

(To be continued.)

CLONMACNOIS.

[*From the Loughrea Journal.*]

SIR:—I have just had the pleasure of a visit to the far-famed Seven Churches of Clonmacnois, and as the following account of that once celebrated conventual establishment may prove interesting to your readers, I feel happy in submitting it to you:

Clonmacnois, on the banks of the river Shannon, in the King's County, was founded or endowed by Dearmod M'Cervail, King of Ireland, at the solicitation of the pious St. Kieran, A. D. 540. In process of time the abbey became amazingly enriched, and the town, being made the seat of a bishopric, rose into much importance. The name of Cluain-Mac-Nois is said to signify, "The Retreat of the Sons of the Nobles," from the number of the princes of Ireland who were educated at its schools. The place soon became famous as a seat of learning and "hither (writes Wadding) came the youth of Ireland, and many students from beyond the seas, and here they were received with true hospitality, the establishment supplying books, food and residence, free of all charge." The royal founder, Dearmod, died after a glorious and peaceful reign of twenty years, and by his will ordered that his body should be interred in the Church of St. Kieran at Clonmacnois, close to the great altar. O'Halloran seems to dwell with pleasure on the exploits of this prince, and the wise laws which he instituted for governing the country. Here also repose the ashes of Malachi the First who

"Wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader;"

and though poor Roderick O'Connor, "the last hereditary king of Erin," died and was temporarily interred in the abbey of Cong, Clonmacnois has the honor of covering his remains. The remaining monuments of Clonmacnois are all of an ecclesiastical character. Of Temple Finian, the chancel and belfry tower only remain. The tower is an excellent specimen of the Cloig-Thach (bell house), and is attached to the south side of the choir—a peculiarity not found in any after-structure of the kind. The Church of the Nuns, lying a little distance to the east of the cemetery, was the most beautiful work at Clonmacnois, as may be judged from such portions of the edifice as still remain. This fabric is recorded to have been built A. D. 1180, by the unfortunate Dervoril O'Rourk, wife of the Prince of Breffney, and daughter of O'Meaghlin, King of Meath, in expiation of her crime of having fled with M'Murchad, King of Leinster. This disastrous circumstance, it is well known, occasioned Moore's beautiful "Song of O'Ruark."

O'Ruark's Tower, or the Great Tower, stands, as is usual, a little to the northwest of the great church or cathedral. The chief doorway has gone sadly to decay, but enough remains to indicate its former beauty. The southern wall contains another entrance to the Church; among the many sculptural decorations on which are three figures representing St. Patrick in pontificals, and SS. Dominick and Francis, in the habits of their respective orders.

But the good old hospitable monks of Clonmacnois have long since passed away; no more

the matin bells sweetly chime over the blue rolling waters of the majestic Shannon, and all is still and silent as the dead who repose beneath its mossy bosom, awaiting the resurrection—

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn."

THOMAS LYNCH.

Dublin, Feb., '58.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT OF 1858.

England has had so much to do in her foreign dependencies during the year 1858, that our legislators have not been either willing or disposed to bestow even a passing thought on the affairs of Ireland. In two or three instances, where our friends asked questions, or called attention to national grievances, or begged leave to bring in a bill for the protection of agriculture, the Irish members were flatly contradicted or sneered at, or their motions blown down by a vindicative storm of overwhelming majorities. As was the case in ancient Rome, what can a conquered province do against the united voice of the Imperial Senate house? It is admitted universally that we are placed in an insulting exclusion, but it is argued that the time is not yet come to redress these political wrongs; laws of extended liberality have been framed placing us on a parchment equality with all other classes of the community, while the administration of these laws renders their provisions a dead letter, thus adding the mockery of legislative impartiality to practical injustice and degradation. When one of our popular representatives having some short time since waited on an official for India, and having pointed out the insulting distinciion made in the pay of the Catholic and the Protestant chaplains in the army there, he was told to wait, and that *inquiries* should be instituted in reference to his application. When, again, an Irish member of Parliament described the proselytizing system practiced in the regimental and other schools in the East against the children of Catholic soldiers; and when he added that from the parents who refused to send their children to these schools the sum of five shillings a month for each child was withdrawn from their pay, an opposing member rose and in the face of documentary evidence contradicted the statement; and by his mere assertion enlisted the opinions and the feelings of the house in his favor. On the same subject Gen. Peel admitted the loyalty and the bravery of the Irish Catholic troops, expressed his long acquaintance with this part of the subject, but added that the treatment of their children referred to came on his ear for the first time with much surprise. The Irish question of Tenant Right was received by the last Cabinet with open censure, and it was ridiculed by Mr. Horsman in a speech where it was difficult to see whether vulgar derision or ill-concealed national hatred held the ascendant.

In the present Parliament Ireland is scarcely permitted to speak on this National topic; and the member for Dungarvan, in his faithful advocacy of that measure, was compelled to confine his pressing, thrilling case for the Irish tenant within half a column of the *Times* Newspaper. In fact, the grievances of the Irish in the army, in the navy; the complaints of the Irish in the farmer's homestead, in the cottier's cabin; the petition of the Irish tradesman for bread in the crowded alley, in the filthy lane, are heard with impatience by each succeeding party Cabinet; are referred, by way of a mocking remedy, to cold distant inquiry; or are rejected with discourtesy, disdain, or ridicule. Is not this brief statement the history of our Parliamentary proceeding during the present year; and although from the large share which the Irish Catholics have had in two terrific successive campaigns, and two distinguished National triumphs, one should expect that England, instead of being ignorant of our grievances, or indisposed to grant redress, our Rulers, on the contrary, should become acquainted with all our wrongs, and hasten to redress them with a willing and a generous and a grateful liberality. But England has time to look after the personal liberties of two Englishmen, Watt and Parks; and the Parliament have time and patience to spend whole nights' debate in seeking compensation from Naples for their imprisonment and their sufferings; while there is no time to spare to relieve the condition of a whole Nation of Irish Catholic subjects, or to compensate them for the persecutions, the sufferings, the wrongs of ages, the misrule of centuries.

If the history of past States be any guide to future Kingdoms, or be a just criterion to judge of future national results, England in her present imperial sway is running the same career of ancient Rome, previous to her first symptoms of decline—namely, overgrown wealth; suffocating luxury; crime, that assaults the very gates of heaven and defies God himself; incipient popular combinations; disregard of her weak and her poor; external foreign enemies; a boundless empire; discontented peoples; an unnatural legislation; a haughty administration; and a perfidious class of Governors or Prætors in the Provinces. One internal shock from the National debt; one commercial panic from failure in the cotton trade would arm starving millions at home, and realize sooner than we can well imagine the decline of this stupendous fabric, which, like its ancient prototype, Imperial Rome, once shaken, split, and tottering on its foundations, could not, by any human power, be bound, or propped against impending necessary ruin.

The present struggle in the House of Commons between rival leaders, is a rigid proof, if proof were wanted, that place and emolument more than the national interests govern our legislators, like our other mortals in the discharge of their official duties. The business of the nation has been suspended, and as it were brought to a dead lock, while the Parliament, like spectators in a Spanish Amphitheatre, look on at this celebrated fight now protracted beyond all former precedent. It is the battle of Conservative power against Whig strength; Ireland has small concern which side succeeds, since within the last few years her interests are nearly equally neglected by both. There is one advantage, however, in this noble contest: it proves there are several powerful parties in the house; and generally speaking when a party unites in one thing, they agree almost in everything else. The agricultural or corn law party are almost universally Conservative, while the free-trade party are nearly equally unanimous on Reform. Then there is the Methodist party, which is equally divided between both according as this class is located in the counties or the towns. The Church party is made up of sections of all three, and under given circumstances would be found the weakest of all. This division of forces, therefore, may yet so combine as to annihilate the Church Establishment fraud, and thus remove the greatest, I may say the sole grievance of Ireland. If, therefore, the Irish members silently look on the present contention between Parliamentary rivals, it is with some satisfaction they count the auxiliary forces of the Premier-Combatants, and calculate the probable time when coming circumstances will combine one of these forces, to expunge from the legislation of England one of the foulest statutes of injustice recorded in the history of the whole world.

Strange as it may appear at first sight, Ireland herself has a principal share in the neglect with which she is treated by these successive administrations. When she is herself divided in maintaining her national cause, how can she expect that Englishmen will be united in her defence; when Ireland cannot agree in stating the precise remedy for her grievances, how can England concede a boon for which the petitioners are not unanimous? How can England believe to be a certain advantage what our own varying councils make doubtful? Our personal quarrels impede the progress of the public good; and the faithful, the unflinching, the unpurchaseable Irish tenants are injured by the petty squabbles of those in whose hands they have placed their liberties, and from whom they expect sympathy and protection in their martyr struggles in this world for sustenance against the approach of apostacy, famine, and death. There is, of course, no intention in this place of presuming to dictate, or of daring to find fault with individuals; our general conduct and its palpable results are the culprits which I arraign; and I but express the general impression felt at home and abroad, namely, that the Irish leaders have turned their arms against each other, weakened their power, gave strength to the enemy; thereby throwing victory into the hands of our deadly foes, and almost perfidiously, at least culpably, losing the battle of the faithful, confiding poor. As I write at no one, I shall reply to no one on this subject; but I shall bewail our national fault, which ever since the English invasion has been the curse of Irishmen, has wasted our resources, betrayed our liberties, chained our creed, and spread abject slavery and permanent degradation on our race and our faith.

If this state of things continue, would it not be better to place our national cause in the hands of a dozen honest, honorable Englishmen; and expect from the known steadiness and immovable perseverance of the English character that fixedness of opinion, and that practical tenacity of purpose, which unfortunately for Ireland, with all her chivalry, her talents, her many other virtues, is not to be found in our national councils and practical action. A lesson from Canada could teach us, if any example could convince. Canada once threatened revolt; the severity of English legislation; the oppression, the monopoly of the Church Establishment; the discontented boundary of the United States; the protection offered to the rebellious from the Republican frontier, presented facilities for a national separation. England at once altered her policy, adjusted with impartiality the Church question, made her administrative justice equal to all; and ever since, amidst the disturbances of the Cape, the revolt in India, the discontent in Australia, there is not one breath of sedition wafted across the Atlantic from the comparatively happy altered legislation of our North American possessions. We can and ought to imitate Canada in our firm unity of sentiment, our unbroken combination of action; and England would be soon compelled to yield to national justice, which now, in her dissevered sections, we demand or beg in vain.

D. W. C.

May 12, Stranorlar, Co. Donegal.

FUNERAL OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

[From the Bangor Daily Union.]

On Monday, the 17th ult., a most imposing ceremony took place on the Indian island at Oldtown, in the celebration of the funeral of Assawis Etien, Chief Sangman of the Penobscot tribe. All the Indians, except those hunting afar off, and consequently not aware of the death of their aged chieftain, assembled on the island to share in the performance of his obsequies. The corpse had been brought thither by steamboat, on Saturday, and deposited in the church. A black flag marked with the cross floated mournfully from the liberty pole. The church was decorated in black, and the first pew, always assigned for the governor, was dressed in mourning. Monday morning at half-past nine o'clock, the solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Eugene Vetromile, and sung by the Indians in their language and manner. After the reading of the Gospel, an interesting and most impressive sermon was delivered by Father Vetromile, from the words of St. Paul: "*We shall indeed rise again, but we shall not all be changed.*" He gave a brief history of the life of the governor, and especially of the time when the tribe was divided into two parties; of the council of the Great Five which he had attended in Canada; of the war, and the evil consequences which followed; of the message from the chiefs of the Caughnawaga Indians, and how the governor was always opposed to war.

After Mass, the Lieutenant-Governor Neptune took away the commission of governorship from the coffin, and deposited it into the hands of Father Vetromile, according to the custom of the tribe. The corpse was then carried to the graveyard by four of the eldest of the tribe, the deacons bearing the flag and the cross, and Indians following in long and solemn procession, singing in their native language the hymns for the dead.

At the graveyard the usual ceremony took place, and Father Vetromile, standing by the grave, again addressed the tribe, who were deeply affected by his remarks.

Governor Assawis Etien was born in the year 1778, on the Pimskwamkikiak Island, (the water turns on the gravel,) called by the Americans Sugar Island. At the time of his death he had seen the snows of eighty winters. His father was Etien Elmut, who was governor of the same tribe, and his mother was Mali Ulsule. Assawis was elected governor in 1818, and received his commission by the hand of Rev. Mr. Romagne. He was always a good and pious Catholic, and always inclined to peace. His disease was a pleurisy, which he contracted while hunting and fishing. After a short sickness of five days, he died on Mattinawkook Island, one mile distant from Lincoln Centre. When he was aware that his illness must terminate in death, he expressed a strong desire for the priest. A swift-footed Indian was dispatched to Bangor, but ere the arrival of the good Father, the spirit of the aged patriarch had taken its flight to that happy land far beyond the western skies, where,

"By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In the vestures of the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade."

According to the ancient custom of the tribe, the Indians will mourn their departed chieftain a full year, and when the frosts of another winter shall have melted away, and the time of springing flowers shall have come again, they will meet together in festive throngs to elect a new governor.

"ROME AND ITS INSTITUTIONS," AND THE NEW YORK "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

[From the Pittsburg Catholic.]

MR. EDITOR:—I don't wish to attach more importance to this communication than what the remarks which I am about to make in it merit or call for. You are aware, that a few weeks ago, an editorial appeared in one of your contemporaries, noticing, in no complimentary terms, the work on "Rome and its Institutions," by John F. Maguire, M. P. for Dungarvan. What could have induced the *writer, Catholic as he professes to be*, to pen such a flippant and ungenerous comment is a mystery to the Catholic portion of the country, and will, I have little mistake, be equally mysterious, if not indignant, to Catholic Europe. If such be the means sought to attract notoriety—to obtain character for masterly literature, I can only remark that it is very unenviable, if not un-Catholic, and an uncharitable way. The paper in question professes great, and more than great, attachment to the Holy See, it professes, *par excellence*, to be the only Catholic journal of the country; and with those modest declarations written and stamped, if you will, upon its career, it flippantly and ignorantly, and I fear, through national prejudice, consigns a work, which comes to us commended by the highest Catholic authority, to oblivion and to an inglorious appreciation.

Catholics have read the comment—does it deserve the name?—of said journal with pain, and, *certes*, they cannot help contrasting its professions and its actions, and of drawing a very diametrical line of demarcation, or of unconformity between *them*. To say the least, his conduct must be very disrespectful to those whom he professes to reverence, and to serve whom he is ready and willing to go to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Perhaps it would not be out of place to add—if it suited his convenience and told to his interest. Why, this gentleman is ready to cast out devils for the Holy Father!—is superlatively anxious or prominent to advocate the establishment of an American College at Rome!—is prepared to compass sea and land to make one proselyte for him. But should any Irishman be impudent enough to write a work on Rome, why bless your heart, a transformation sets in, not unequal to that of the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Can his motto be, "Does anything good come out of Nazareth?" It is to be feared, the negative implied in the above question holds good in reference to *him*, and thereby accounts for his acquaintance with the language of filial reverence and devoted attachment, which a child of St. Patrick uses when speaking of the successor of St. Peter—the successor of St. Celestine. Apparently, he does not know it, and wishing to give it a spurious origin, he says, "he (Mr. Maguire) come home, licked the Blarney-stone, and wrote a book." Would that our Catholic Editor could touch, with even a six feet pole, that famous mollifying and eloquent making stone. The ancients prescribed the Island of Hellborn (Antiegia) to madmen; with equal fitness, I think, Blarney Castle could be pointed out to our *Catholic Critic*; and had he once tried its wonderful properties, "the Cantabo bellum" of Horace would be nothing to what might be expected from its assuaging influence on a pen too often steeped in vinegar and gall—on a pen more than sufficiently eloquent and bombastic.

But the great fault of Mr. Maguire is, that he has occupied the anticipated ground, and left nothing undone for his illiberal critic. But, after all, is not his Excellency, James Buchanan, as much to blame as John Francis Maguire? Had *the appointment* been given, and that in time, by our worthy President, Lecompton would have been one of the most illustrious achievements of Democratic and popular sovereignty, and Mr. Maguire's work would be, like the Church of Dr. Pusey, laid on the shelf. Because, the Editor in question being in Rome, such a work on that Eternal City, as would or could emanate from his pen and brain, would not only knock the wind out of Mr. Maguire's book, and all such hitherto written, but would equal in fullness, and immediate mature perfection, the procession of Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. Though opportunity might appear past, persons need not despair; that Democratic principle—rotation in office—has some hopes in it, and on these life might be maintained until the next Presidential election; in the meantime, could not Blarney Castle be visited, as a kind of preparation for future operations. Under its influence, a work has been given to the Catholic world—a work which has met the warmest approbation of three Archbishops, one of them the Cardinal Primate of England, the illustrious Wiseman—a work which has merited for the author, from the Sovereign Pontiff, the highest lay honors he could confer on an alien. In fact, all good judges in Europe have been deceived and cajoled through *its influence*, a cheaper or easier method could not well be adopted than recourse to IT; and, therefore, by all means, let him visit Blarney. By this visit he (the Editor) will be benefited in *body*, mind, and temper. And he might, too, learn to be more generous in his criticisms, and by being generous, to be more *respectful* to those who have appreciated a work, which, in their approbation and appreciation, he so flatly condemns. Is such a course respectful to the Holy Father—is such conduct respectful to the greatest dignitaries of the Church? If the work did not please him, it ought at least, by reason of the light in which it is viewed in Europe, and by such persons, call for the dignity of his silence; and a shrewd public would, without his remarks, soon discriminate between it and another work of the same nature, and which appears to be his *beau ideal* of literary and descriptive perfection. There is room enough for both, let each work rest on its merits.

In conclusion, I must inform your readers, that they will find everything that has appeared in the world of letters for the past hundred years, or that will appear during the next hundred years to come, in the New York *Freeman's Journal*.

LECOMPTON.

MR. LAYARD ON INDIA.—Mr. Layard has returned recently from India, and has been giving the people of England the result of his experience on the question of the Indian revolution. In a lecture delivered by him on the subject, he declared that he was forced to admit that he regarded the outbreak in India as a just act of retribution that altogether was merited by English rule in the country. He believed that that the greased cartridge dispute was availed of as a pretext, as that the Persian war was an opportunity; but in no other sense had it any influence on the origin of the outbreak. He believed that the revolt had its origin in causes that had been in preparation for years, and in causes that were deeper rooted than the grievance of the greased cartridge—interference with rights and customs were amongst the causes. It was certain that the principles of government which obtained during Lord Dalhousie's time had in the main produced the outbreak. He believed Lord Canning himself to be equal to the task which had been imposed upon him, but, then, he was thwarted by a weak and vacillating council. The reports of cases of mutilation were quite unfounded, and the Sepoys should not be sweepingly condemned. England must commence a new rule of justice and mercy.

THE MINISTRY OF VICTORIA.—The Melbourne Mail of Patrick's Day brings us the news of Mr. O'Shanassy and Mr. Duffy's triumphant return to office—and in the same Cabinet, many of our readers will recognize with pleasure the name of the new Solicitor-General of Victoria, Richard Davis Ireland. During even the few days that Mr. Duffy had been in office before the Mail sailed, we remark a great activity in his department. Much distress had lately prevailed among the laboring population, and a large sum of money had been voted to give them employment in Public Works—so we find the old familiar name, figuring under a score of notices for tenders to make roads, and build bridges, to drain, to clear, and to embank.—*Nation.*

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

At the Lisburn Petty Sessions, before Mr. Gregg and Mr. Caldwell, a case was tried at the suit of the Dean of Clogher, against J. J. Richardson, Esq., J. P., and J. G. Richardson, Esq., for £15 6s. 6d. and £42 14s. 7d. respectively, three years' rent charge up to November last. These gentlemen, as Quakers, resisted the demand on a point of conscience, as they did not wish voluntarily to make such payments. Mr. Haslett, of Belfast, in the absence of Mr. Caldwell, solicitor for the Dean, applied for an adjournment, as the proofs had not been forwarded. Mr. Birney, for the defendants, did not object to the postponement. They did not object to the payment of the money, but they wished the law to be enforced rigorously, as they would not pay it voluntarily. The cases were accordingly postponed for a fortnight.

Cork.

In the good old town of Youghal, the merry month of May has from time immemorial been sacred to a singular custom, which is still observed with much ceremony. At an early hour in the morning of the first of May, a party of men and boys proceed into the country, and return with a tree remarkable for its perpendicular altitude, which they appropriately designate a "May-pole," and having paraded through the principal streets of the town, plant it on a site devoted specially to the purpose. Of late years a rivalship has sprung up betwixt the boys of the North and South Main streets, each party endeavoring to excel in the gaity of their proceedings. The present anniversary has been inaugurated with unusual eclat, the South street boys having obtained a tree from J. Green, Esq., J.P., Killeagh, and the North street boys from J. Lloyd, Esq., J.P., the present proprietor of Strancally Castle and demesne, so picturesquely situated on the verge of the celebrated Blackwater. The North street party marched through the town, accompanied by an efficient band playing merry airs. The most remarkable personage in the procession was an ex-militia sergeant, clad in the uniform of Field-Marshal, brandishing a sword, and mounted on a spirited steed (which required the united exertions of two men to hold in abeyance), attended by his aide-de-camp mounted on an ass, the two bearing a strict resemblance to the celebrated Don Quixote and Sancha Pancha mounted. Having arrived at Cork road, the Field-Marshal addressed the assembled multitude at some length, and in the course of his observations congratulated them on the orderly manner in which they conducted themselves, and at the conclusion of his address, he was taken from his steed and borne on the shoulders of his companions, to his domicile. The South street boys paraded the town with their May-pole, preceded by a brass band, and next came the lads and lasses, decked in their gayest attire, bearing green branches indicative of the approach of summer. In the midst of the procession elevated on a throne was a young damsel personifying the "Queen of May," drawn by four horses, gaily caparisoned, followed by her maids of honor, all in white. As the procession went through the town, the legion of green boughs resembled a vast moving forest, the pole being surmounted with flags and banners, on which were inscribed mottoes and insignias emblematic of the season. Having perambulated the various streets of the town, the procession returned to Wind-mill lane, amidst the acclamations of the people. In fine all seemed pleased with the proceedings, and anxiously looked forward for a similar recurrence.—*Herald.*

The inhabitants of Bandon (of all creeds and classes) are raising a sum of money in order to purchase a magnificent sword, to be presented to Major George Cornwall, of the 93d, their townsman.

Fitzgerald E. Scanlan, Esq., second son of Robert R. Scanlan, Esq., late of Cork, has obtained an appointment as Acting Assistant Surgeon of the Queen's Forces.

The Marquis of Thomond's mansion at Rostellan was sold lately to Dr. Fulton for £24,000.

Dublin.

Here is an extract from a letter received by the mother of a poor fellow whose heart has sickened at the fiendish atrocities of the British troops in India: "My dear Mother—I intend to tell you something about the Indian war. The Sepoys are not the worst in the world. All Europe think very bad of the Sepoys for killing the women and children. This is very well to those who read the *Weekly Times*; but I can tell you that the European troops in India at present killed children and women, blind and lame—in fact it is too bad no man will publish this because that it was European troops that committed such dirty deeds. On the 25th of November we went out at three o'clock; we marched to a village the name of which I forget, but, however, when we got to it all the Sepoys were gone but about thirty men and about twice that number of women. I was looking at two men belonging to my own regiment taking hold of a woman by the two legs and they tore her from limb to limb. I am sure that the Sepoys could not abuse European women worse than that."—*Nation.*

The medical students of the Catholic University entertained Doctor Tyrrell at supper at Jude's Royal Hotel, Grafton street, on Monday evening, and presented him with a valuable diamond ring, in appreciation of his talents as a lecturer on anatomy and surgery. After the cloth was removed, several appropriate toasts were proposed and responded to in eloquent terms!

Clonliffe house, formerly the mansion of the late F. E. Jones, Esq., patentee of old Crow street theatre, with its extensive offices, large garden and pleasure grounds, the whole standing on about twelve acres of land, held in fee, and not subject to any rent whatever, has been sold for £4,040 to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Clonliffe house, which is a short distance from Mountjoy square, is to be prepared as a college for Ecclesiastical students.

Galway.

The devotions established by the Catholic Church and carried on during the month of May in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, were commenced at the opening of this month at the parish chapel of St. Nicholas, under the auspices of the Right Rev. Dr. MacEvilly. A very eloquent and impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. George Commins. A highly instructive and practical exhortation on the subject of the Mass was also delivered by his lordship. The chapel each evening continues to be crowded by all classes. On the evenings of Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament follows the usual prayers and devotions, in which all present assist with the greatest possible attention and decorum. These ceremonies and devotions to the Holy and Immaculate Mary, Mother of our Redeemer, are most elevating; and will be followed by much spiritual grace in the souls and hearts of such pious Catholics as attend them.—*Mercury.*

The late favorable change in the weather has had a most beneficial effect upon the crops, and upon the grass also. We do not anticipate a rich fruit harvest, for, as we have learned, the sharp winds blasted the blossoms in a great measure. But if Providence gives us a good potato and cereal harvest, all with us will be well.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Cloran, of Tuam, lately imported at our docks 1,000 sacks of French flour, of a very superior description, valued at £2,000. If we had a few such spirited men as Mr. Cloran, we would soon feel the beneficial results of such speculation, in the fall of prices in that article.—*Ibid.*

It will be gratifying to the friends of Dr. Considine to hear that, after being publicly and solemnly examined on the 4th May, by the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, he obtained Letters Testimonial, qualifying him to practice Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery.—*Ibid.*

We have it from a trustworthy source that W. Coffey, Esq., is about to retire, through ill health and superannuation, from the Inspectorship of the East Riding of this county. It is supposed Mr. Coffey will be replaced by W. Jackson, Esq., County Inspector.—*Ibid.*

We had this day one of the largest and best supplied markets we have had for a long time, and still there was no reduction in prices, and even wheat was eagerly bought up by millers at 10s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per cwt.—*Ibid.*

We feel much pleasure in being able to record that nothing detrimental to either religion or morality occurred last Sunday at Menlo. And we trust that after the next two Sundays we shall have a similar report to make.—*Ibid.*

Kerry.

An inquest was held before Richard C. Harnett, Esq., on the body of Timothy M'Auliffe, a laborer in the employment of Alexander Elliott, Esq., of Tannavala, near Listowel. He was engaged in levelling a house consumed by fire last year, and when undermining a wall part of it gave way and buried the poor fellow in the ruins, which in a few hours caused his death, several of his bones having been broken. Verdict—"Accidental death."

Mrs. Barry, who has been for 22 years an inmate of an asylum in Tralee, for poor widows, died at the advanced age of 110 years.—*Post.*

Kilkenny.

We have been making some inquiries as to the progress of the recruiting sergeant in this city, and we are glad to hear that "the boys of Kilkenny" have no desire to be made food for the Sepoys, and that they prefer a quiet life in Ireland to a gory grave in India.—*Journal.*

Leitrim.

In accordance wtih an arrangement to that effect, made by the Conservatives of Leitrim at the last general election, Mr. H. L. Montgomery has resigned, and the election consequent on his resignation has been fixed for Monday, the 17th May.

Limerick.

Amongst the list of wounded published last Saturday was the name of Lieutenant D. G Cleary. This, however, we are glad was a mistake—as his family have had accounts from him by the last mail contradicting the statement. Lieutenant Cleary is son of Thomas Cleary, Esq., Ballynahinch, county Limerick, of whom the worst that can be said is, that his fine young Irishman went out to India with a fillibuster red coat to fight against men whom even the *Times* now admits fiight in a just cause and "no rebellion." What a painful thing for a gentleman in Mr. Cleary's position to feel that to wish success to the cause of justice and the downthrow of the foreign plunderers, may involve the destruction of his gallant boy, whom he ought to have placed in a better sphere.—*Nation.*

Major Gavin has had but a short sitting in the House of Commons. His election has been declared void in consequence of the bribery proved to have been used by some of his agents. His former opponent, known in Limerick as Mr. Ball, has again ventured to present himself to the constituency he has done his best to corrupt and disgrace—to meet, we trust, with the ignominious rejection he merits. We do not see that a candidate of whose principles we can entirely approve has yet come into the field, but it is not likely that any one will offer whose political character will not stand immeasurably beyond that of the thoroughpaced hack, Mr. Ball.—*Ibid.*

The Committee have decided that the parties in the case of the Limerick Election Petition are to pay each his own costs.

Louth.

The souperizing Colonel Lewis having written a letter to the London *Daily News*, in which he endeavored to show that the account of the eviction of John Byrne which had appeared in the columns of that journal, was not accurate, and did not fairly represent his conduct and motives towards his unfortunate tenant, the Rev. Father Beggan has written to the *Daily News* in reply, and set the wretched bigot again into his proper place.

Tipperary.

Daniel and William Cormack, brothers, who were found guilty at the last assizes for the murder of Mr. Ellis of Kilrush, at Killahara, were executed in front of the Nenagh Gaol. Ever since the conviction of these men they were attended by the Rev. Messrs. Cleary and Shannon, the Catholic Curates of the parish. Every shop in the town of Nenagh had its shutters up, the streets looked deserted, and a stranger would imagine that all business was suspended. At a few minutes before eleven o'clock the police, to the number of 150 foot, and nine mounted men, under Sub-Inspectors O'Dell, Fulton, and Hartnett, the whole under the County Inspector, William Hemsworth, Esq., accompanied by John Fleming, Esq., R. M., were drawn up in front of the gaol. There was no crowd, no money paid for windows. The first person in this melancholy tragedy who presented himself to the gaze of the people was the executioner, who wore a flannel shirt, with sleeves tucked up, and whose head was enveloped in a black serge veil. He was received with a deep and solemn murmur, but he stood unmoved with the noose of one of the ropes in his hands. Then came forward Daniel Cormack, attended by the Rev. Mr. Cleary, and reciting the Litany of Jesus. When he came in sight of the people he raised his voice, and said in a loud, deep and sonorous tone: "Lord have mercy on me, for You, O Jesus, know that I had neither hand, act, nor part in that for which I am about to die. Good people, pray for me; Lord have mercy on me." The other brother made the same declaration, and they were both launched into eternity in a moment.—*Limerick Reporter.*

A strange occurrence took place at Ardmoyle, near Cashel, recently. A very severe thunderstorm suddenly burst out, notwithstanding that the weather had been previously fine, and was accompanied by several vivid flashes of lightning, which did considerable injury in the immediate locality, several perches of the road having been ripped up, a hog killed, a thatched cottage stripped, and a tree under which a man had taken shelter was entirely laid bare, the man fortunately escaping uninjured.

There are 282 paupers in the Clogheen Union, being a decrease of 72 from the same period last year.

Tyrone.

The first division of the Royal Tyrone Fusileers arrived in Omagh from Hamilton and Paisley, North Britain, on Friday, and the second on Sunday, 9th May. They are daily giving up their arms, accoutrements, clothing, &c., and expected to be sent to the right about on Friday, the 14th May. They muster at present something about 800 strong. The disembodiment of this fine regiment in the face of Gen. Peel's statement in the House of Commons that the army was still 20,000 men short of the requisite complement, looks rather anomalous. Each man expects to retain his trowsers, shirt, and boots, so as to enable him to make a more respectable appearance than other regiments, who, when disembodied, were sent home pennyless and nearly quite naked. The cause of sending the Tyrones to the "right about" is to be found in the fact, that they, the said Tyrones, not having *a proper sense* of the ennobling virtues of British civilization, did most contumaciously refuse to supply recruits to the ranks of the regular army when solicited to do so, and did, moreover, prefer remaining inactive in Ireland, than to proceed to India for the ostensible purpose of plundering the unoffending and outraged natives, and in return obtain the unenviable honor of filling robbers' graves. All honor to the Tyrones!

Waterford.

A beautiful ship was launched from the building yard of A. White, Esq., T. C., at Ferrybank, which adds another to the long list of fine vessels sent afloat from this establishment. All day it blew a perfect gale, and it was feared there would be no launch, but closing the appointed hour, half-past seven o'clock, the wind moderated, and exactly at the hour named, the dogshores were knocked away, and the beautiful fabric slid easily from her cradle, and gracefully floated on her future element amid the cheers of admiring hundreds. She is pronounced by competent judges to be a perfect model of her class, and being fully rigged, with her masts on end, she presented a most imposing appearance as she came round to her anchors adjacent to the yard. She is called the Pathfinder, and was christened by Miss Barnes, daughter of Thomas Barnes, Esq., one of her owners, and is 500 tons register. She is intended for the copper ore trade with South America, and is commanded by Captain Craig, a gentleman of extensive nautical experience. She reflects the highest credit on her builder, Mr. Thomas Walpole, and will, unquestionably, be another proof among many, to foreign countries of the superior vessels which Waterford can, and does set afloat on the broad ocean.—*News.*

The income of the corporation of Waterford exceed £8,000 a year.

Westmeath.

The Great Southern and Western Company are making arrangements for the immediate commencement of the extension of their line to Athlone. The representatives of the company have commenced, at Athlone, to purchase the land and take possession of such portions of it as can be arranged without reference to the arbitrator. Mr. Dargan, the contractor, expects to commence operations in a few days. The project of a railway between Ballymahon and Streamstown has been very favorably received by the directors of the Company, whose line it is intended to be connected with at the latter station. The matter will be discussed at the next meeting of proprietors, and must probably receive their sanction.—*Independent.*

Wexford.

A second time has Wexford been blessed by the presence of the Redemptorist Fathers. After a lapse of nearly five years, another mission has been procured for the inhabitants, and we cannot doubt that its results will be all that its promoters anticipated. Two circumstances may be said specially to favor this spiritual movement. The occasion of opening the New Parochial Churches was appropriately seized on to introduce the good Fathers again to the parishioners; and the commencement of the "Month of Mary" was happily suggestive of the labors of her devoted followers, the children of the sainted Liguori.—*People.*

Mr. Coghlan, of Scurlogue, came by his death recently in the following manner: He and his son were transacting business in Wexford until a late hour in the evening, and were returning home on their jaunting-car, when suddenly the horse took fright and ran away, by which deceased was thrown off and killed almost instantaneously.—*Ibid.*

The Rev. John Kirwan, Bridgetown, has been removed to New Ross, and is replaced by the Rev. John Keating, Glenbrayn; the Rev. Thos. Busher, New Ross, has been appointed fourth curate of Wexford, and the Rev. Thomas Hore has been nominated to the curacy of Ballinadaggin.—*Wexford People.*

Wheat is selling in Enniscorthy at from 25s. to 28s. 6d. per barrel; barley, 15s. to 18s. 6d. per do.; oats, 14s. 6d. to 15s. per do.

STATE OF DONEGAL—LETTER FROM THE RIGHT REV. DR. MULLOCK.

The Rev. Daniel McGee of Bunbeg, in the above county, has been favored with the following admirable letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock, Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, dated March 29th, 1858:

"REV. DEAR SIR:—I send you a bill of exchange for £225 9s. 4d. currency (four dollars to the pound), or £190 6s. 2d. sterling, in addition to the £11 I sent you by the last mail. Thirty pounds currency of this sum is from the Benevolent Irish Society of St. John's, the names of the other subscribers you have enclosed. The sufferings of your poor people have excited a strong feeling of indignation among the Catholics of St. John's, and, I have no doubt, will also stir up the hearts of the millions of Irish and their descendants in the neighboring colonies and the United States. Nowhere in the wide world is there such grinding tyranny, such arbitrary oppression exercised over the poor as in Ireland, where the landlord has it in his power to drive them out of their little holdings, to starve on the highway or in a poor law bastile; and never will there be peace or prosperity till the poor man is secured in the fruit of his labors. The laws relating to land in Ireland are the greatest curse ever inflicted on any country. Famine, pestilence, and expatriation are their fruits. They literally realize the awful description of the Prophet Jeremiah—'If I go into the fields, behold the slain with the sword; and if I go into the city, behold them that are consumed with famine; the Prophet also and the Priest aro gone into a land they know not.' For this there is but one remedy, and one which a united party of independent Irish representatives, if such could be found, could easily obtain—the total reformation of these laws, which at present retain all the tyranny of feudalism without any of its benefits, and are based on modern materialism, instead, as of old, on the mild spirit of the Catholic Church. When to all this is added the bigotry of an alien Ecclesiastical Establishment, the whole presents a spectacle unparalleled in the annals of human misery, dishonoring to man, and calculated to provoke the vengeance of a just God. The millions of victims of Irish landlordism, driven from the shores of their own beautiful land, have excited the pity and indignation of all civilized nations. The depths of the Atlantic are whitened with their bones; the cities of the New World are teeming with them; they hew down the forests of the great West, and the graveyards of the lazarettos and hospitals are choked with the corpses of those poor faithful children of Catholic Ireland. Hoping that your appeal will be graciously responded to wherever the Irish or their descendants cherish a hatred of oppression and a love for their native land, or that of their fathers, I remain, Rev. dear Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"✠ JOHN J. MULLOCK,
Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."—The Abbe Dumage, parish priest of Tavaux, in the department of the Aisne, has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Semaine du Vermandois*, dated Paris, May 11: "You will, I have no doubt, interest your numerous readers by informing them of what I was an eye-witness to a few days since. I was crossing the cemetery of Tavaux, when my attention was attracted to six young girls, who were proceeding to attend divine service, and who raised their eyes on high, and then directed them to their pastor. I said to myself, these children had observed a fire; but a rapid glance at the neighboring houses convinced me of my error, I then said, 'What are you looking at, children?' 'A cross, Monsieur le Cure,' they replied. I instantly looked up, and was amazed at what I saw. Floating in the direction of the sun, but much higher, a cross appeared, about 30 feet long, in a horizontal position, the foot to the east and the head to the west. The tree of the cross, which was distinctly to be seen, was white. The two arms were like the rainbow, of various colors, but towards the centre the blue appeared to prevail. It was on Friday, the 16th of April, about 7 o'clock in the morning, that my astonished eyes contemplated this emblem of our salvation."

CONFIRMATION IN BALLYMOTE.—The Lord Bishop of Achonry, the Right Rev. Dr. Durcan, held Confirmation in Ballymote. The worthy Parish Priest, the Rev. Denis Tighe, and his excellent Curate, the Rev. John M'Dermott, with the clergy of the neighborhood, were all the week previous hearing the confessions of the faithful who crowded in each day from every part of the parish to obtain the benefit of the Jubilee. Before Confirmation the venerable Prelate pointed out the importance of the Holy Sacrament they were about to receive. He reminded them in the most forcible and convincing language of the struggles they would have through life with the three enemies of salvation; and as they were then about to be confirmed as soldiers of Christ, he hoped they would never banish the Holy Ghost from their souls by committing mortal sin. Over 390 persons were then confirmed. The only thing witnessed not in harmony with the ceremonies was the dilapidated state of the old chapel; but as the Rev. Pastor is now collecting funds to build a new church, just by the ruins of the once celebrated abbey where the "Book of Ballymote" was written, it is to be hoped we will shortly see a church in this town worthy of its people and the Catholic religion.

ST. IGNATIUS'S CHURCH, PRESTON.—The enlargement of this Church is now going on, and the estimated cost of the work is £2,000. The Church is situated in the most populous part of the town, and has long been utterly inadequate to accommodate its immense congregation. The extensions consist of a new chancel and the enlargement of the transept affording accommodation for from four to five hundred people. Energetic collectors are now engaged in collecting subscriptions towards covering the expenses of the alterations and addition. For the same object it is proposed to hold a bazaar in September next.

RECEPTION OF A NUN.—The interesting ceremony of the reception of a nun took place at the Convent of Mercy, Ballinasloe. The young lady, who on this occasion retired from the gaities and enjoyments of the world, was Miss M. Caulfield, daughter of the late T. Caulfield, Esq., of Ballinasloe, and who took the name in religion of Mary Dympna. The Right Rev. Doctor Derry officiated on the occasion, and the reception was attended by nearly all the Catholic clergy of the diocese, as well as by a numerous circle of the young lady's relations.—*Western Star*.

CATHOLIC MISSION FUNDS.—During last year the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith" has raised 4,191,716 francs, mostly collected in France. The amount sent in from elsewhere stands thus: Belgium, 239,122f.; Prussian Rhineland, 199,264f.; R. C. Ireland, 136,843f.; North America, 168,704f.; and Piedmont, 199,264f. The next in liberality are Austria and Bavaria; but little worth notice comes from Spain or Portugal.

On Sunday, May 9th, the mountain district of Corcahan, parish of Kilmore, within three miles of Monaghan, presented a scene most truly gratifying to a Catholic. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Bishop of Clogher, came from Monaghan to preside at the Pontifical High Mass, celebrated in the spacious Parochial Church, and after the Holy Sacrifice was concluded a charity sermon was preached, in order to enable the Rev. Michael Duffy, curate of the parish, to decorate the Church and furnish it with the many requirements of which it still stands in need. The Catholics of the parish, and many Protestants as well as Catholics from Monaghan, responded generously to the preacher's appeal. After the sermon the Most Rev. Dr. M'Nally ascended the altar, and commended in the highest terms the zeal and efficiency of Father Duffy. His Lordship was listened to with the profoundest attention. The Rev. Michael Duffy is entitled to the highest meed of praise. May he live long to see the Church of Corcahan beautified and furnished with all its requirements. Father Michael is brother to Mr. James Duffy, the eminent Catholic publisher.—*Nation*.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman performed an unusually interesting ceremony, and one that has probably not been witnessed in England for the last three hundred years. We allude to the blessing of eight ships belonging to the Brazilian government. His eminence was attended by the Very Rev. Mgr. Searle, and the Hon. and Rev. E. Stonor, and was received by the members of the Brazilian embassy on his arrival at Greenhithe. The admiral's boat conveyed the Cardinal to the ship, with all the solemnity of the Catholic ritual. His Eminence then proceeded to the other ships, and as he passed along he received from the sailors every mark of respect, the vessels also exhibiting their gayest colors in honor of the occasion. The ceremony appeared to be regarded by every one with great interest, and the sight of an English Cardinal, attired as such, with his cross and attendants, in an open boat on the bosom of old Father Thames, forcibly recalled Catholic times, and reminded one of the arrival in England of good Cardinal Pole, on his mission of peace and reconciliation.

Sunday, the 30th May, is fixed for the laying down of the foundation-stone of the Church of the Redemptorists in Limerick. The officiating Prelate will be the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan. The good Fathers, through the charity of the people, have collected large sums to be applied to the building of the new Church, which is to be erected in the immediate vicinity of their magnificent convent.—*Tipperary Examiner*.

The proceeds of the bazaar, recently held in Limerick for the benefit of the Orphanage of Mount St. Vincent, netted upwards of £600. The stalls displayed an endless variety of articles of the most *recherche* description. Among the curiosities of the tables was a £5 note which was raffled at 1s. a ticket. Over £30 were received at the doors.

At a meeting of the Catholic inhabitants of Kilkenny, it was unanimously resolved that the community of the Christian Brothers should be forthwith introduced into the city. The expenses attendant upon establishing the convent and schools of those excellent men will be £3,000. Of this sum £1,000 has been guaranteed by the Bishop, and £600 was subscribed at the meeting.

On Thursday, the 6th May, the neat chapel of Ballinacourty was solemnly dedicated and set apart to the worship of Almighty God, under the patronage of the ever glorious and Immaculate Mother of Our Redeemer, by the Rev. Bishop of our diocose, the Right Rev. Dr. MacEvilly.—*Galway Vindicator*.

An oration in the praise of Joan of Arc was delivered from the pulpit of the Cathedral at Orleans recently by Abbe de la Place.

The Rev. Joseph Power, O.S.F., has been transferred from Clonmel to Waterford.

Domestic.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL OF PENTECOST AT MANHATTANVILLE, N.Y.—A respected correspondent sends us the following communication to which we cheerfully give place: "Dear Sir:—The pleasure I enjoyed in the services of Pentecost at the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, induces me to believe that a brief account of them may not be unacceptable to your readers. At half-past 7 o'clock in the morning, as I approached the Church, I perceived in the distance a procession of some hundred girls clad in white and hastening with the step of joy to their *first* Communion. The spectacle, though full of thrilling interest, was not without a saddening effect upon my spirits, as it turned my thoughts to my Protestant childoood and youth, and forced upon me a deep and a depressing sense of my great loss! On entering the Church, crowded almost to suffocation, I observed about the same number of appropriately-dressed boys, under direction of the self-denying Christian Brothers, waiting the same high privilege. It was a scene to give joy to angels and to ensure the presence of that Divine Spirit, whose descent upon the Church we were about to commemorate. After Mass, by one of the Jesuit Fathers, the youthful but able pastor stepped forward, and in a strain of touching eloquence, addressed to those youthful expectants a lesson that could hardly fail to make a deep and lasting impression upon their hearts, at the conclusion of which they, with a numerous throng of relations and friends, partook of the precious gift of life—the body and blood of their crucified Lord. At the High Mass which succeeded, I have only time to mention that the selection and execution of the music was peculiarly happy. At four o'clock, P. M., (this being the day appointed for Confirmation in the parish,) the venerable Archbishop, attended by such of his clergy as were able to be present, entered the sanctuary, and was greeted by a burst of appropriate and delightful music from the accomplished choir; after which, in his own happy and impressive manner, he proceeded to address for some half hour the young candidates for the Sacramental rite. His Grace first remarked upon the peculiar privilege which these candidates enjoyed in being able to seek "the sevenfold gifts" of the Holy Spirit on the Pentecostal Feast. Then, after briefly alluding to the eminent advantages under which, through the distinguished ability and fidelity of their pastor, they had been trained for the Sacraments, he proceeded to give a clear and forcible exposition of its nature and efficacy, and concluded with such solemn words of caution and encouragement as eminently befit the Father of his children. The administration of Confirmation to a hundred and seventy youths followed. The deep interest excited by the scene was manifest in the eager multitude, made up of Protestants and Catholics, which, far beyond the dimensions of the Church, thronged to witness it. With thanks to God and congratulations to the good pastor of this favored flock, I retired from a spectacle, the impressions of which will not soon pass from my mind."

A NEW CHURCH BUILDING.—Mr. Louis L. Long, architect, having received the contract, has completed the preparation of the plans and specifications of a new church building, about to be erected in Annapolis, Md., under the auspices of the Order of the Redemptionists, the congregation of which will be known as St. Mary's Church, and the progress of the work will be as rapid as its character will allow. It will display the Gothic style of architecture, with a tower and spire in the centre of the front building, the whole height of which, from the base to the top of the cross, will not be less than 180 feet. The front of the edifice will measure 58 1-2 feet, whole depth of church 93 feet, entire depth of building 113 feet, depth of sanctuary 20 feet, whilst the tower will measure 17 feet square. In the rear and on one side of the sancturary will be constructed a large oratory measuring 18 by 20 feet, which will be used for robing, and for the preparation for Mass. The flank of the building will have buttresses running the entire depth, with large heavy buttresses continuing around the sanctuary. The Gothic windows on the sides will be divided into a nave and aisles. The entire ceiling will be grained, resting on columns with foliated caps, whilst the nave will measure 48 feet in height in the clear, and the aisles 28 feet. There will be confessional boxes on each side, which will be adorned and finished with the finest kind of Gothic tracery, and which will be executed by the brethren of the Redemptionist Church. The building, according to the finely traced and colosed design by Mr. Powell, presents a fine external appearance. On each side are six spacious Gothic windows, and the ground floor will consist of one broad centre aisle, one aisle on each side against the side walls, 130 pews, which will comfortably seat a congregation of 1,000 persons, and will withal be finished in the most superior style of workmanship.

EPISCOPAL VISITATION.—ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.—On Ascension Day, the Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese visited St. Mary's College, Marion County, Ky. All the Catholics who had reached the proper age prepared themselves for the holy communion, which was administered by the Bishop. After Mass, twenty were confirmed, of whom three were converts. The College, under the administration of the Rev. J. P. Lavialle, assisted by the Rev. J. Elder, is in a highly flourishing condition. There are nearly one hundred boarders, the most of whom are Catholics. On the same day the Bishop administered Confirmation to forty-three persons at St. Charles' Church, a little more than a mile from St. Mary's College. The Very Rev. D. A. Duparco, the veteran missionary, had been diligently engaged during the previous week in preparing the children. Though nearly forty years of missionary labor weigh upon him, yet his vigor seems but slightly impaired. By his exertions, the old Church of St. Charles has been thoroughly repaired. Besides a new roof and new floors, a handsome new gallery has been erected, and other improvements are in contemplation. The Church was crowded on the occasion of the Bishop's visit.—*Louisville Guardian*.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. BONIFACE'S CHURCH.—On Sunday, 16th ult., the Right Rev. Bishop visited the Church of St. Boniface, the oldest and the largest German Catholic Church in Louisville. The edifice was filled to overflowing. As is usual with our German brethren, the children were stationed in front, and their appearance in hundreds before the altar railings produced a most pleasing effect. Solemn Vespers were sung by the Very Rev. Dr. Spalding, after which the Bishop administered Confirmation to eighty-seven persons, of whom five were converts to our holy faith. In the matter of educating and training their children, our German brethren set us a most edifying example. They believe in the absolute necessity of giving their children a *sound Christian* education. Hence, whenever a Church is erected by them, you will be sure to see rising by the side of it, and, as it were, under its shadow, the parochial school-house. With them the Catholics chool teacher is deemed almost as essential as the Catholic pastor. We cordially commend the example of our German brethren to the imitation of all other Catholics. It is eminently sensible, and eminently Catholic. If all our children were trained like those of the German Catholics, we would not have to deplore so many outbreaks of "Young America," especially in our cities and towns.—*Ibid*.

DEDICATION OF A NEW CHURCH.—On Sunday, the 16th ult., was solemnly dedicated the church recently erected to the glory of God, under the invocation of St. Lawrence, Martyr, at Catasaqua, Lehigh County, by the exertions of Rev. L. A. Brennan, the newly-appointed pastor of Catasaqua and several neighboring missions. The corner stone of the church was laid towards the end of last June, and was opened for divine service in October, but the dedication was deferred till it would be completely finished. Catasqua is a charming little town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The new church is built of brick, 70 feet in length, and well proportioned. A well-adorned altar, a sufficiently large sanctuary, good substantial pews, and an organ gallery furnished with a melodeon.—*Catholic Herald and Visitor* (Phil., Pa.)

CONFIRMATION.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann, on Sunday, 23rd ult., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and fifty persons in St. Peter's Church of this city.—*Ibid*.

The Sisters of Charity have received a donation of four acres of ground at Jefferson City, Mo., for an Hospital.

CONFIRMATION.—On Pentecost Sunday there were one hundred and fifty-one persons confirmed in the Cathedral by the Most Rev. Archbishop. On the same day, thirty-nine were confirmed at Ellicott's Mills by the Right Rev. Bishop Verot. On Sunday, the 16th, the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmittsburg, by the Right Rev. Bishop of Erie, to ninety-seven persons, including twenty-seven students of Mount St. Mary's College. On the afternoon of the same day, Bishop Young confirmed thirteen persons at Graceham, about five miles from Mount St. Mary's College. During this visit to his Alma Mater, the Bishop had the gratification of confirming a most estimable lady aged eighty-five, a convert from Judaism.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

DEPARTURE OF BISHOP VEROT.—On Saturday, 22nd ult., the Rt. Rev. Bishop Verot left Baltimore to the regret of his numerous friends, for Florida, the field of his future labors. He was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Madeore, a priest of his Diocese, and Mr. Birch, a Theological student. Although Florida is the first part of the American Continent on which the Holy Sacrifice of Mass was offered, it has until this time been without a resident Bishop. We have every reason to believe that this new impulse given to religion there will cause it to advance with a quickened pace.—*Ibid*.

SEMICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE FOUNDING OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S.—The authorities of Mount St. Mary's College have fixed on the sixth day of October next as the time of holding this celebration. It will then be full fifty years since the venerable Dubois commenced his great work on that consecrated ground. All the alumni of Mount St. Mary's are invited to assist at the commemoration.

The celebrated and well-known Indian Missionary, Father de Smet, contemplates paying a visit shortly to the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

May 8, at Monkstown Church, by the Rev. T. Rooke, Robert Bradshaw, Esq., of Dublin, to Hannah, relict of Morgan Maguire, Esq.

At Magheralin Church, John M. Coote, Glasgow, to Cherrie, daughter of the late James Pickering, Magheralin, county Down.

At Kilmurry, county Clare, John C. Doherty, Esq., Carnduff, to Maria, daughter of James Casey, Seaville, Tromroe.

At Carrickfergus Church, William Johns, Esq., Barrister at-law, Dublin, to Mary Catherine, daughter of Robert T. Goddard, Esq., Joymount House, Carrickfergus.

In Lurgan, Thomas Johnston, of Newtownhamilton, to Jane, daughter of David Turkington, Knocknashane House, Lurgan.

May 6, at Skeagnemore Church, John P. King, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Charles Dougherty, of Annagasson, county Louth.

May 5, at Portaferry, James Edward Scott, Esq., M.D., Rifle Brigade, to Martha, daughter of the late George Johnson, Esq., of Portaferry.

On the 11th May, at Skibbereen by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Bishop of Ross, Pierce B. Stafford, Esq., M.D., of the county Waterford, to Harriet, daughter of Daniel Donovan, Esq., M.D., Skibbereen, county Cork.

At the Church of St. Nicholas, Galway, Edward Staunton, Esq., to Anna, daughter of Captain Wm. Knight, 28th Regiment.

DEATHS.

On the 29th April, at Carlow, after a life spent in the exercise of every Christian virtue, Miss Anne Bolger, in the 60th year of her age.

At Coleraine, Margaret, wife of Lieutenant and Paymaster Richard Boyd, half pay.

At Omagh, George W. Bradley, Esq., solicitor.

At Newcastle Cottage, county Tipperary, Margaret, relict of James Butler, Esq.

On the 9th May, in Leinster square, Rathmines, Frances Helena Clarke, daughter of Charles Clarke, Esq., D.L., Graiguence park, county of Tipperary

At Rose hill, New Ross, Maria, daughter of the late Charles Clarke, Esq., of Waterford.

At the residence of her grandfather (John Crowe, Printer, Cook street, Cork), Kate Collins, aged 18.

At her aunt's residence, Wellington road, Cork, Kate, daughter of the late James Connor, Esq., of that city.

May 7, at Rahoon House, Galway, in her 80th year, Mrs. Mary Anne Chadwick, relict of Captain Francis Richard Dickson.

May 9, at Cappagh, Finglas, Patrick Whelan Doyle, aged 26, formerly first class teacher under the Board of National Education.

On the 9th May, after a short illness, at Omagh, the Rev. P. Duffy, C.C., parish of Cappagh, Omagh, and formerly of Killeter, in the county of Tyrone.

On the 4th of May, at his father's residence, Hermitage, Williamstown, county Dublin, Lieut. George Dunlevie, 83d regiment.

At Drumcondra, county Dublin, John, son of the late Hugh Ferguson, Esq., Belfast.

At Florence, on the 4th May, Thomas O'Connell, Fitzsimon, Esq., surviving son of the late Christopher Fitzsimon, Esq., Glanculler, aged 25 years.

At Belfast, Mr. Frederick Fletcher, Professor of Music.

On the 5th May, Weston-super-Mare, in the 13th year of her age, Anne Marie, daughter of James Gernon, jun., J.P., Athcarne Castle, county Meath.

At Queenstown, Captain Henry Hobbs.

At his residence, Barnhill House, Stewartstown, William Holmes, Esq., Sessional Crown Solicitor, for county Tyrone.

At Drumsnatt Glebe, county Monaghan, Anne Dorothea, wife of Henry Leeds, Esq., now in India.

At Cliftonville, Belfast, James M'Namara, Esq., J.P., aged 68 years.

On the 1st May, at Limerick, Sergeant Hugh M'Clelland, of the Royal Artillery, formerly of the town and county of Antrim, aged 32.

At 14, Stephen's green, Dublin, aged 72 years, Eliza, widow of Daniel M'Kay, Esq.

At Coole Abbey, county Cork, Henry Hawke Peard, Esq., aged 53 years

At the Assumption Convent, Paris, Marianne, aged 17 years, daughter of Robert Prendergast, Esq., of Landuff House, Thurles, and granddaughter of the late Ald. Boyse, J.P., Mayor of Limerick.

May 10, at Glanmire, Sarah, wife of Thos. Roberts, Esq., aged 64 years.

May 9, at 12 Mountpleasant avenue, Dublin, William J. Sinclair, aged 33.

May 3, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. Bernard Starkey, Lisbuoy, near Downpatrick, and Sister of Rev. P. Starkey, P.P., Glenarm.

May 8, Robert Fowler, son of the late Marcus Ward, Belfast.

May 7, in the Main street, Wexford, Andrew Whitty, Esq., aged 53.

On the 7th May, at her residence, in Mallow, Jane, daughter of the late U. P. Williamson, Esq, of Old Dromore, county Cork,

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

"Dinna Ye Hear It?"—Some weeks ago in these columns we said that the "thrilling incident" in the relief of Lucknow, generally known by the title of "Dinna ye hear it," was not a fact, was not even an original fiction, but was a plaigarism from one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. The *Times* in the correspondence of W. H. Russell published the following: "I regret to be obliged to destroy the foundation for such pretty poetry and pretty pictures as the story of Jessie, the Highland lassie, and the bagpipes of the Highlanders has afforded at home; but, on inquiry, I find that there were no bagpipes played within many miles of Lucknow, and that the voices of slogan and pibroch were silent; not a warlike squeak announced that 'the Campbells were coming,' but, more, or less, than all, there was no lassie at all in the garrison who by any possibility could have been the heroine or *prima donna* of the drama, and every one knew long before the loudest skirl of all the bagpipes in Scotland could have proclaimed it that Havelock was coming to the assistance of the garrison." Well, well, well! what lies these English tell! The "thrilling incident" in the relief of Lucknow was manufactured in the heart of London from a passage in "The Bethrothed," published twenty years ago! And thus were the horror stories, and the tales of British heroism concocted, as has been sufficiently proved! Who can believe a sentence published in England? What a moral rot is amongst those people! How they do sink into untruth, and dishonesty, and still lower depths of depravity! It is frightful to contemplate.—*Nation.*

Discovery of Ancient Relics in Orkney.—A discovery of ancient silver relics has been made at Sandwick—perhaps one of the most extensive and important discoveries, in an archæological point of view, that has ever been made in Scotland. The relics were discovered in a rabbit hole. Some time ago a boy happened to pick up some silver coins which the rabbits had thrown out in the formation of their hole, and carried them home. The circumstance became known, and lately, as some people were waiting for the ebb of the tide, before proceeding with the work of gathering ware, one of their number proposed that they should visit the place where the boy had lately discovered the money. They accordingly went in a body to the spot, and at the first or second stroke of a warehook one of them drew out a large heap of silver. At the sight of the bright metal there was instantly a scramble among those present, and by one or other of them all was carried away. The circumstances coming afterwards to the ears of the authorities in Kirkwall, an investigation was made, and the greater part of the treasure recovered, Sheriff Robertson and others, who interested themselves in recovering the property, having remunerated the finder according to its weight and value. The relics are altogether several pounds weight and consist of massive pins, brooches, bracelets and other ornaments, besides some number of silver coins. The dates of the latter and the cupposed age of the ornaments we have not ascertained.—*John O'Groat Journal.*

A French Descent on England.—Emile G—n has had several interviews with the Emperor of late; and as a pamphlet, written by him upon the subject of the facility with which a descent might be made in England, and the ease with which that country might be annexed to the French crown, is going the secret round of the political *sa'ons*, it has been supposed that these interviews had been sought by G—n to expose his ideas upon the same subject. The tenor of the pamphlet, which is kept a strict secret from the public, and is printed for private distribution only, may be judged when, addressed to the Emperor, it opens: "Let your Majesty remember that *the event* of your Imperial Majesty's reign is yet to come—no Austerlitz, no Leipsic, no Marengo has marked its annals—with an unrivalled army, and a navy which now stands first in Europe, your Majesty might accomplish deeds far more brilliant than these. Even the pallid reign of Charles the Tenth has left Algeria as a legacy of glory to the nation—even the short-lived Republic has left us the occupation of Rome by our victorious troops. Let, then, the conquest of England be the one immortal feat of arms which shall render your Majesty's reign even more glorious than that of Napoleon the First, whose fate it would so nobly avenge."

New Volume by Lady Morgan.—We read in the *Athenæum*: "Who will not hail with joy a new volume from Lady Morgan? Her bright and elastic pen has too long lain still; but we are rejoiced to hear that it is again moving into light. The work now preparing for the press bears the title, 'An Odd Volume.' It is, we believe, the herald of long contemplated Memoirs of her Own Times, and deals with the literary and social aspects of France during the crashing years of Bourbon rule. Events which M. Guizot coldly describes on the surface, Lady Morgan, it is said, warmly lays bare at the heart. Such a volume will have thousands of readers."

A Ferocious King.—An historical fact, connected with a white buck, may not be uninteresting, and it will prove the tyranny of ancient English monarchs. When Edward IV. was hunting in the Park of Thos. Burdett Esq., of Arrow, Warwickshire, he killed a store of deer, and among the rest a white buck. When Burdett heard of this, he wished the horns in his belly that counselled the king to kill it; for which words he was beheaded at Tyburn.

Pelicans.—Pelicans are residents upon the banks of rivers and lakes, and upon the sea coasts. They habitually feed on fish, although they will sometimes devour reptiles and small quadrupeds. They are capable of rapid flight, and have an extraordinary power of ascending on high. This power is called into action by their mode of fishing. When they perceive, from their elevated position, a fish, or fishes, on the surface of the water, they dart down, with inconceivable rapidity, and flapping their large wings so as to stun their prey, fill their pouches, and then retire to the shore to satisfy their voracious appetites. The fish thus carried away in the pouch undergo a sort of maceration before they are received into the stomach, and this grinding process renders the food fit for the young birds. No doubt the sanguinary traces which this operation leaves upon the plumage of the mother have given birth to the fable that she feeds her nestlings with her blood.

A Royal Fish.—A fine sturgeon, measuring seven feet six inches in length, has been caught at Salmon Pool, near Exeter, by Mr. Eyre Kingdon. There has been no capture of the kind near Exeter for very many years past. Mr. Kingdon, in his description of the capture, leads us to infer that the monster was not secured without considerable tact and exertion. Twice it broke through the meshes of the seine, and on the latter occasion, when attempting to effect its escape, it was struck with a boat hook, which inflicted a deep wound immediately below the gills. When thus partly disabled, the monster lashed his tail with a degree of fury which suggested the necessity of decisive measures, and accordingly one of Mr. Kingdon's companions put an end to its existence.

Severe Snowstorm in Skye.—A severe snowstorm recently visited the central part of the Isle of Skye. Before daylight immense wreaths had accumulated in the sheltered places, and for several days the shepherds were busily engaged in rescuing their flocks, cutting them out of the snow at immense labor by means of spades and other instruments. Hundreds were rescued in this manner, but many were smothered. Some of the wreaths of snow were upwards of twenty feet in depth. In one instance four sheep were found under snow, still alive, after a lapse of fifteen days. They could have no food during that time, and one of the sheep, standing immediately behind another, seems to have taken advantage of its position to eat off part of the wool on its companion's back.

The Bears of Berne.—There is at Berne a traditionary legend, that Berchtold the Fifth, Duke of Zeringhen, vowed to call his newly founded city after the first animal he killed in a hunting match, and having killed a bear, accordingly called it Berne, the German word for bear, directing that it should always blazon that animal as its cognizance, and maintain one at the gates of the town. This latter custom is still preserved, and several bears are kept in the fosse near the gates at the entrance from Neufchatel. In one of the annual processions, the standard of the Canton is borne by a person grotesquely dressed up to imitate a bear, and the story of Duke Berchtold is represented in painting round the chamber in which the grand council assembles.

Monument to the Bronte Family.—A neat, chaste, marble mural tablet is to be erected in the church at Haworth, to the memory of the deceased members of the Bronte family. The groundwork is of dove-colored marble, and the tablet itself of purest white statuary marble. A cornice runs along the upper part, surmounted by an ornamental pediment, the form and working out of which are exceedingly chaste. Below the tablet are two flattened brackets, and between these the sacred monogram, the letters I. H. S., in old English. The inscription is in Roman letters, the initials, however, in old English. It merely states the names and time of death of the members of the family—six children and their mother.

Cost of Luxuries.—In all the villages of Saxony, men, women and children are engaged in making the beautiful lace for which that country is famed; and that when, by the toil of the whole village, enough is ready to make a pack, it is slung over a woman's shoulders, who, poorly clad and without shoes to her feet, takes it to the merchants, who pay in *cents* for that which brings them dollars. To make their beautiful embroideries, poor women in Saxony and Switzerland are employed by merchants, and paid *three cents a day*, and many are groping in blindness who have wrought their eyes into these delicate meshes.

Interesting Relics.—At the sale of Mr. Norman Macdonald's effects lately, Tippoo Saib's dagger, richly ornamented with torquoises, and chased silver gilt (taken from the body of Tippoo Saib after death by Sir David Baird, and given by him to Sir John Macdonald), was sold for £37 16s. Maria Antoinette's set of dominoes and box with musical action, £105. Mary Queen of Scots' necklace, worn constantly by her in her captivity, and given on the morning of her execution to her goddaughter, of whose descendants it was purchased by Sir John Macdonald, £94 10s.

Fond Husbands.—General Thompson, when presenting a petition from Bradford, in favor of marriage with a wife's sister, said the petition was so numerously signed, it could reach from Westminster Abbey to Bradford, and added (addressing the Speaker), I can assure you, sir, *every person there wants to marry his wife's sister* (loud laughter). To the house it may be a source of laughter, but to the married women of Bradford the announcement cannot be a joke.

The Beefsteak Club.—Lord Brougham, notwithstanding his advanced age, still continues a member of the *Beefsteak Club*, which he attended on a private day, when none but members were admitted, during the last month. At this rendezvous of old friends, political conversation is entirely excluded; and although it was originally established by Rich, one of the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, not a single actor is a member of it.—*Constitutional Press.*

'Tention Know-Nothings!—We print the following for the special *gratification* of American Know-Nothings: "The Emperor of Austria has conferred on our illustrious compatriot, Field Marshal Count Nugent, K.C.B., the order of "the Golden Fleece," the highest distinction to which the most exalted Austrian can aspire; rendered, in this instance, more precious from its being Radetzky's vacant collar, conferred spontaneously on an Irishman."—*Nation.*

Sir C Napier a Novelist.—It is said that the MS. of a novel of Sir Charles Napier's, called "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings," has just come to light. The ground occupied is the same as that of Sir Edward Bulwer's romance; and it is said that there is even an identity in certain of the characters.

Industry.—Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting from want of occupation, may look with scorn at a laborer engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt—honor.

Hysterics.—Dr. Marsh says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like work to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician when they only need a scrubbing brush.

Newspapers Valuable.—Dr. Johnson, in the fulness of his years and knowledge, was heard to say, "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

A Sensible Father.—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a *poor* man; but remember the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

A Laudanum District.—The Stamford (Eng.) *Mercury* says that the working classes in that parish spend for laudanum and opium not less than $4,000 a year.

Shopkeepers are a far more independent race of men in Paris than in London. You never see a clerk, or perhaps the owner of a silk warehouse, bareheaded on the footway, humbly bowing to a customer in her carriage, and receiving with submissive attitude her ladyship's commands. Besides which they have an unpleasant habit of expecting payment for their goods, which at the west end of your metropolis would be held to be quite presumptuous. Lady Castlestuart brought an action recently against a soft-goodsman, M. Manouri, for false imprisonment and defamation of character. Her ladyship gave a large order, and when asked for cash, tendered a cheque on Lafitte, and started for Marseilles, *en route* to Italy. The cheque was dishonored, and the telegraph laid an embargo on the fair traveller in that seaport, where she was two days in durance, and part of it in company with a known shoplifter. Lefitte hastened to give security, and on being set free she thought herself in England, and entitled to an action against, the impertinent tradesman. The tribunal "was very sorry for what had happened, which punctual payment would have obviated, and Manouri was not to blame." Case dismissed.

Roderic O'Conor, the last monarch of Ireland, after he had reigned eighteen years, abdicated the throne, A. D. 1184, and retired to the monastery of Cong, in Mayo, where, after a religious seclusion of 13 years, he died in 1198, in the 82nd year of his age, and was buried in the same sepulchre with his father, Torlogh O'Conor, Monarch of Ireland, at the north side of the great altar, in the Cathedral of St. Kiaran, at Clonmacnois. It appears that the remains of King Roderic were exhumed nine years after his burial (in 1207), and deposited in a stone coffin. In the "Annals of the the Four Masters" the following verse is translated from one of the old Irish Bards:

> Eighteen years the monarch Roderic,
> Son of Torlogh, Supreme Sovereign,
> Ireland's undisputed ruler,
> Was the last King of noble Erin.

The little revolt which took place in March last at Chalons turns out to have been a much more serious affair than it was represented to be at the time. Between thirty and forty individuals are about to be tried for their participation in that rising; and we now learn that the persons who appeared in arms were under an impression that a revolution was breaking out at the same time in Paris, and spreading over the country. Some strange revelations are expected to come out at the trial; but the government have been at some pains to prevent the proceedings from being very fully reported.

The source of the Shannon is considered to be a circular basin of about 20 feet in diameter, situated in a romantic little plain at the southern base of the Cuilcagh Mountain, county Cavan, whence it flows in a deep sluggish stream into Lough Allen, in the county Leitrim. Lough Allen was anciently called *Lough na Schadogue*, or the Windy Lake, in consequence of the gusts and squalls that generally prevailed upon its surface. The Shannon has a course of 220 miles.

The *Journal du Loir et Cher* says: "Nine or ten persons have just been arrested in the communes of Freteval and Ligneres, under a charge, it is said, of belonging to a branch of the secret society, the Marianne." The *Moniteur du Loiret* adds that their meetings took place in a vault belonging to the old chateau of Freteval, and that domiciliary visits have been made in a great number of houses in the neighborhood, but without leading to any grave results.

When Marshal Soult visited the Tower he inquired where we obtained the walnut stocks for our muskets. "The timber comes from France, your Excellency," was the frank answer. Soon afterwards his Excellency returned to Paris, and no walnut timber has ever since been exported from France. Moreover, a deficiency of gun-stocks was one of the difficulties of the War-office towards the end of the Crimean war.—*London paper.*

Important sums have been subscribed in Russia for the construction of a chapel at Sebastopol, in honor of those who fell in the defence of that place. The nobility of Livonia have subscribed 2,000 roubles, those of Courland as much, the Russian Commercial Corporation of Riga 1,000 roubles, and the German merchants there 1,000 roubles.

The phrase "Open Sesame" was the talismanic adjuration with which the celebrated "Forty Thieves," described in the "Arabian Nights," caused the door of their mysterious cave to open. Whenever any one stood before the door and said "Open Sesame," it at once noiselessly opened and let the persons pass.

The Spanish army, now on foot, consists of 80,000 men, with a reserve of 60,000, 10,000 gendarmes, and 10,000 troops exclusively attached to the custom house service. The staff is enormous; it consists of nearly 600 generals—a number more than sufficient for the command of all the armies of Europe.

Five hundred Tyrolese have gathered at Augsburg, in the Bavarian territory, with a view of emigrating to Brazil. They have been remonstrated with, but in vain. Two hundred left not long ago for Peru. A mania of this kind is contagious, and alarms the *Gazette de Francfort.*

The evening before Crabbe died, his physician, feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more evenly than upon his last visit, "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't know or have not a technical expression for it, I will tell you what it beats—it beats the dead march."

A sergeant has been appointed to the provost marshalship of Colin Campbell's army. This is the first instance on record of a non-commissioned officer ever having in a British army been entrusted with such powers.

The project for allowing a drawback on the exportation of beetroot sugar from the various ports of France, being held to be destructive of the few remaining sugar colonies belonging to this empire, has been abandoned.

Bernard's trial, the whole charge of which was borne by the British Exchequer, will cost over £32,000, while the trial of Orsini, Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez, did not occasion any expenditure of more than 5,000 francs in Paris.

In 1851 the total number of natives employed in India in the civil administration was 2,910; in 1857 a less number, namely, 2,846. The great bulk of them were paid less than £120 per annum.

A letter from Paris says: "Crowds are surrounding the snuff-boxes of Lablache, which are to be sold this next week. It is a marvellous aggregate. There is one with an exquisite enamel portrait of Garrick."

In the Governor's speech at the opening of the Cape Parliament it was announced that the King of Delhi was to be confined at Fort Cox, a small fort in British Kaffraria.

The number of enrolled British pensioners amounts to 15,727 men; 9,915 in Great Britain, 5,366 in Ireland, 60 in Malta, 60 in Gambia, and 825 in Western Australia.

One of the most celebrated danseuses of her day, Mdlle. Bigottini, a contemporary of Vestris, has just expired at Paris at the age of seventy-four.

In the course of last year the European population of Algeria increased from 160,000 to 180,000. That augmentation is the greatest that had taken place for ten years.

In the Austrian Empire there are twenty-nine millions of Catholics, three millions Protestants, and 2,700,000 Schismatic Greeks.

A slate "diamond" has been found near Montrose, said to cut glass as well as the real diamond itself.

Mr. Layard has arrived in London, from an extended tour through the disturbed districts of India.

The whole amount of regular troops at present in the Russian empire does not exceed 500,000 men.

The King of the Belgians bought five tickets in the lottery loan, and won with one of them the great prize of £20,000.

Viscount Eversley, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, has been appointed to the Governership of the Isle of Wight.

Lady Franklin, widow of the celebrated Arctic navigator, is at present in Algiers.

Pauperism is increasing in England at the rate of seventy thousand per annum.

It is stated that the vine disease has again shown itself in Portugal.

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Family of Thieves—Superstition and Fraud.—A very ingenious plan of raising the wind was recently practiced by a gang of gypsies, in Cobb County, Ga., their victim being a widow lady in moderate circumstances. The party camped in the vicinity of Marietta. One of them—a dark sun-burned wench, looking like a half-breed Indian—went to the house of a Mrs. Hanby, and represented herself as sent by the Indians who formerly inhabited the region, to get a mass of gold, buried in a place near by. The unsuspecting lady, knowing that the Indians had formerly made the region a favorite haunt, became intensely interested in the tale of the mysterious looking stranger, and entered at once into her plans for getting the treasure. Her scheme was characterized by the superstitious movements peculiar to the Indian, and only served to heighten the confidence of the good lady in the strange adventurers. In the progress of the plan it became necessary for the gold hunter to have $1,000, as a sort of enchantment for the hidden treasure, and unless this sum could be had it was asserted that the whole scheme would fail. The money was obtained, Mrs. H. having a portion of it in the house, and the balance was borrowed from the neighbors, after which the mysterious looking gold wizzard took French leave of her new made friends, and is probably in the wild hunt for buried treasures in some other locality.—*Aug., Ga., Dispatch.*

The Largest Flouring Mill in the World.—Under this imposing head the Richmond (Va.) *Whig* discribes in detail a flouring mill just completed in that city at a cost of $130,000. The work of building was commenced in 1854. The superstructure rests upon a solid foundation of granite, the base of which is seventeen and a half feet thick. The width tapers to a thickness of six feet, at the top course of granite—on a level with the street. The stone work—requiring about 3,500 perch of granite—cost about $20,000. The average thickness of the brick walls, forming the first stories above the street, is three feet two inches. The mill is *twelve* stories in height, 96 feet front, and 165 feet deep. The height of the front wall is 121 feet to the top course of bricks. Including the observatory, the total height is 135 feet. The rear wall, embracing a part of the granite foundation, is 147 feet high. The number of bricks used in the building was 2,200,000. The total available space within the walls is about three acres. There are 293 windows and 29 doors in the mill—the former containing 7,000 panes of glass. The cast iron shafts for the water wheels each weigh 10,000 pounds.

Apoplexy.—Persons below the middle height, robust, with large hands and short thick necks, are generally recognized as apoplectic subjects; but a foreign medical author asserts that it is confined to no particular conformation of the body, *all persons* being alike liable to be attacked by it. The predisposing causes are the habitual indulgence of the appetite in rich and gross food, or stimulating drinks, coupled with luxurious and indolent habits; sedentary employments carried to an undue length; the habit of sleeping, especially in a recumbent posture, after a full meal; and lying too long in bed. Persons, however, who are predisposed to this disease should not fail to profit by the warnings of its approach, such as giddiness, drowsiness, loss of memory, twitching of the muscles, faltering of the speech, &c. Their diet should be light and nutritious; all luxurious habits should be abandoned, and moderate exercise should be taken. Above all, they should avoid giving way to their passions, as it is well known that many persons have been struck with death in the midst of a fit of anger.

The Little Ones.—Now that the warm weather has come, let your children amuse themselves out of doors. Don't keep them shut up like house-plants, until they become as pale and thin as ghosts. Strip off the finery, put on coarse garments, and turn them out to play in the sand—to make "mud cakes"—to daub their faces with anything of an "earthly nature" which will have a tendency to make them look as though they had entered into a copartnership with dirt. Keep them in the house, and they will soon look like, and be of about as much value, as a potatoe which grows in the cellar, pale, puny, sickly, sentimental recks of humanity. Turn them out, we say, boys and girls, and let them run, snuff the pure air, and be happy. Who cares if they do get tanned? Leather must be tanned before it is fit for use, and boys and girls must undergo a hardening process, before they are qualified to engage in the arduous duties of active life.

Lifting Houses in Chicago.—One of the chief curiosities at work in Chicago now is the raising of entire blocks to a level with the new street grades. Innumerable small screws are used. The row of buildings is disjointed from its connections; stout joists, sustained by powerful screws, are placed in each doorway, and every possible precaution is taken to insure perfect safety. The labor progresses with great rapidity when once fairly under way, and it is really a remarkable sight to witness an immense brick block, with all its customary occupants, goods, &c., rising steadily into the air, while a sense of entire security pervades every one who dwells, or does business there. The success which has so signally crowned the experiments there will tend much to improve the city's appearance, and find buildings which are now squatting dumpily down seven feet below the street can be elevated to a becoming level with great ease.

Why "Egypt" was Named.—A correspondent of a Belleville, Ohio, paper says: "In the early settlements of the 'Sangamy' country, long before the counties of Sangamon and Green were organized, there were several families who went to these counties from St. Clair County, and among the number was a man by the name of Levi Day, who collected a company of men, and came down to St. Clair County for seed corn in the spring for several years in succession. On his way down he would tell the people he was 'going down to Egypt for corn.' The early frosts in that country injured the corn so it would not sprout, and they were obliged to have seed corn from some place. This was thirty-six or thirty-seven years ago. I well recollect the circumstances, for I used to help to shell the corn myself which my father used to sell them for seed. This was long before Chicago was thought of as a city."

Suicide of a Young Lady.—A young lady in St. John's, Newfoundland, lately committed suicide by jumping from her sleeping-room window. It appears her parents, for a few weeks previous to the melancholy event, had suspected, from her behavior, that she was somewhat tainted with insanity, and consequently kept a watchful eye upon her movements. At the time of the catastrophe she was staying with her sister, and nothing extraordinary was noticed in her conduct previous to retiring to rest at night. At an early hour the following morning her sister missed her from her side, and search being made, the unfortunate young creature was discovered, in her night dress, insensible in the yard, beneath her bed-room window. She survived about two hours. All the parties move in the first circles in St. John's, and the event has created a profound sensation in that community.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Business in Canada.—A letter from Montreal says: "From all parts of Canada we hear nothing but the same unvaried story of hard times, dull trade, and scarcity of money. No harder Winter, we suppose, has ever been passed through in this country, and there is but little if any improvement yet. Mr. Buchanan of Hamilton has declared in Parliament that there are five hundred thousand persons in Canada without employment and without money—a statement which is greatly exaggerated; but there is no doubt that much depression and distress prevails. It was expected that the opening of the navigation would bring relief, but the very low price of wheat and flour tends so to retard operations anddiminish returns that the expected relief is very imperfectly realized."

Killed by a Fall.—Another fatal accident took place at the foot of Falls Field, on the spot made memorable by the murder of Charles W. Littles. A cow owned by James Buckley, pastured in the Field, while feeding on the bank lost her foothold and went over the precipice. The poor animal fell perpendicularly about fifty-five feet, and almost immediately expired. The place where this cow fell is about twenty feet south of where Ira Stout went over with the body of Littles, but the descent to a landing place is much greater.

Payments for Mount Vernon.—The contract between John A. Washington and the *Southern Matron*, for the sale of Mount Vernon, was put on record in Fairfax County Court, on the 17th ult., and the following are the dates of the payments: $18,000 at the execution of the contract; $57,000 on the 1st day of January, 1859; $41 666 66 on the 22d day of February, 1860; $41,666 67 on the 23d day of February, 1861; and $41,666 67 on the 22d day of February, 1862—with interest on the several payments from the date of the contract.

Sad Tragedy at Madison, N. J.—Mr. Roll, a farmer in Madison, N. J., asked two of his workmen to drink some cider, which he said he had purchased at auction. Without examining the bottle, the men drank, and both soon became sick and died in a few hours. The stuff which they drank was a poisoned mixture, prepared as a liniment with which to cure rheumatism. Mrs. Townley, the wife of one of the men, became much excited when she heard of the affair, and fell dead, from heart disease.

Sad.—The New Lisbon (Wis.) *Republican* records the sad case of a young Methodist preacher, who was attending Conference at La Crosse, where he was tempted into drinking a glass of beer, which renewed a thirst for strong drink which had possessed him in days gone by, and led him into indulgence, until he became drunk. He turned his back on the Conference, and the *Republican* says, passed through that place lately to his home, a besotted drunkard.

A Quiet Place.—In one of our country exchanges we find the following recommendation of a thriving little town in Mississippi: "A few days ago a gentleman, in conversation with some friends, was praising Woodville, Miss., to the skies, and remarked, among other things, that it was the most quiet and peaceful place he ever saw; there was no quarrelling, nor rowdyism, nor fighting about the streets; if a gentleman insults another, *he was quietly shot down, and there was the last of it.*"

Death of a Wealthy Heir.—Ebenezer Francis Thayer, of Boston, only son of the late John Eliot Thayer, and grandson of Ebenezer Francis, who had been passing a few months in Europe, has reached Avignon, on on his way from Paris to Italy, and there died of apoplexy after a few hours' illness, on the first day of May. He was twenty years of age. Had he lived, he would have inherited the largest estate of any young man in New England.

Iron Bridges.—The Portland *Argus* reports that twelve iron bridges have been put on the Grand Trunk Railway line within two years, being substitutes for the wooden bridges originally built. It says the terrible accident on the New York Central Railroad by the breaking of a decayed wooden bridge, suggests this notice of the praiseworthy efforts which the company is making to prevent the possibility of such accidents on the line from Portland to Montreal.

Telling the Age of a Horse.—It is generally believed that the age of a horse can be determined by the number of wrinkles over his eye; but a correspondent writing from Monterey, Ala., informs us that this is not a reliable rule. He says, "There is a horse in this section of country which is thirty years old, and has no sign of a wrinkle over his eye; while there are others not [over five years old that have wrinkles."

Newspaper Statistics.—There are 104 papers published in New York city, having an aggregate annual circulation of 78,000,000, and 51 in Philadelphia, having a circulation of 40,000,000. In Albany the number of papers annually printed is 16,050,460, which gives a proportion of 321 to each individual, or more than one to each person every week and day in the year. The people of the United States spend $15,000,000 in a year for newspapers

A Nuisance.—The evils and annoyances resulting from tobacco chewing have always been complained of; but just now a "loud cry" on the subject comes up from those who travel in railroad cars, and who, confined to close quarters, have to endure the abominations consequent upon the practice. It is proposed that the railroad companies charge tobacco chewers double price or furnish them with a car to themselves.—*Alez. Gazette.*

Battle between the Settlers and Indians in Nebraska.—A despatch from Nebraska City, 23rd April, states that intelligence from Gale County, Nebraska, says that a conflict had just occurred between the settlers and the Kiowah Indians, in which one chief was killed, and a number of stolen horses captured. There was much complaint of Indian depredations in that section of the Territory.

Irish Settlement in Wisconsin.—The Green Bay *Advocate* has been informed by the Rev. Mr. Bondeul of that city that steps are being taken to secure land for the location of a large Irish colony in Brown or Shawano County. It is supposed that about six thousand will come in a body from the vicinity of Boston.

A Mammoth Pear.—The Adams Express Company have brought to the Patent Office a mammoth pear from Oregon, weighing four pounds. It was transported in a glass jar filled with alcohol. The pear measures twenty by eighteen inches in circumference, and about nine inches in height.

A correspondent at Minonk, Ill., sends us an account of a meeting of the citizens of Woodford County, in that State, to defend their rights as pre-emptors and citizens of Illinois against their lands being taken from them. The meeting passed several resolutions, and came to the determination to keep their lands having certificates for the same. They adjourned to meet the delegates of other counties at Onarga, on the 1st of June. The same correspondent adds: "Lately we had a most terrific storm here. Its duration was not over two hours. It changed from the west to the northwest when it modified. Several houses were blown all to pieces. At the junction, 12 miles south of this place, 11 houses were destroyed. The wheat crop looks well here, but from the constant rains it is much feared the people cannot get in their corn, and if they do, it will be later than it has been for many years."

Mr. John Tyler, Jr., has written a letter to the Washington *Star* about his father. He says: "John Tyler, before he was President, never was a bankrupt. Besides paying, as surety for others, $40,000, the day never had been, from the day of his manhood, that he had not ample means always at hand to meet every obligation resting upon him. The real estate he now owns is but a transfer of the real estate he then owned; and the slave property he now owns is the identical slave property he then owned. True, both have largely increased in value, but what their value is, I shall not say, either to gratify public or private curiosity. Let it suffice to say, that he will die as he had lived—whether poor or rich—an honest man, and no man's debtor."

There is in the westerly part of Dorchester, N. H., a pond 400 rods in length by 200 in width; and *floating* upon its surface is an island eight rods long and three wide, consisting of a spongy mass of roots, earth, &c., sufficiently compact to sustain the weight of a number of persons. It is covered with a dense growth of low bushes, and when there is no wind it remains stationary with every appearance of an ordinary island; but before a moderate breeze it continues moving until it impinges upon the opposite shore, where it remains until the wind changes. As an unusual freak of nature, it is well worth a visit from the curious.

The State of Illinois is said to contain the most extensive coal deposits of any country of equal extent on the globe. It is more than is contained in all Europe. Nearly fifty thousand square miles of surface rests upon basins of coal, at depths convenient for profitable mining, and very often coal is found at the surface, and is obtained by stripping or casting off the layer of soil above.

The Keokuk *Gate City* says of the Iowa gold digging: "We have seen a large number of our old friends, who live in the immediate region of the Iowa gold diggings, and are personally cognizant of much that is going on there. That there is more or less gold laying about in fine bits and tiny scales, they assure us of their own knowledge; and that a number of people have spent a considerable time in hunting it, they also know. They have not known any remarkable discoveries of gold, in large quantities, and seem to think that there are six men who get none where there is one who gets two dollars' worth in a day."

The guests at a wedding in North Hadley, Mass., gathered in one of the rooms just before the knot was to be tied to celebrate the event with a nuptial hymn. The crowd was too great for the underpinnings, and down went the floor, chairs, seraphine, crinoline, into the cellar. The fallen angels, who, thanks to the crinolines, were only frightened, picked themselves up, removed to the clergyman's house, where the marriage was consummated.

The Ironton *Furnace* says there is a species of short early grass found on the hill and mountain sides of south Missouri, and is identical with that found on the highlands and mountains of New Mexico. It is nutritious, and horses, especially, can subsist on it through the winter, independenly of the care of man (if the snow is not too deep), and in the spring they are found to be in very good condition.

A few days since a canary bird belonging to a lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., died at the advanced age of *twenty-six years*. For one year previous to his death he had been totally blind, and for several years had exhibited other evidences of advanced years, such as emaciated limbs, a bald head, and feathers bleached almost white. Up to the last, he managed to help himself to soft food, and would occasionally sing.

Among a brood of chickens hatched in New Bedford a few days ago, was one that had only one leg. It is as lively as the rest of its comrades, and hops around with much vivacity, though it is obliged frequently to pick itself up, not yet having perfectly acquired the art of keeping its equilibrium. Such a race would be valuable to perpetuate, as they could not scratch in the garden.

A wag who had been thrown from his boat into the water in the Irondequoite Bay, near Rochester, beseeched his rescuers to "be careful in hauling him in." He was so earnest in his beseechings that he was asked of what he was so anxious to "be careful." "Why," said he, "be careful about wetting my shirt collar."

Mr. J. H. Hollister, a wealthy and enterprising Licking County (Ohio) farmer, has started with a company of 13 young men for the purpurpose of driving ten thousand sheep from Missouri to California. He expects to be a year on the road with the flocks, and he pays the boys $8 per month, and the aggregate expenses of the journey.

A band of 14 Mississippi pirates were caught by the Vigilance Committee of Prairie du Chein, and stolen goods to the amount of $5,000 recovered. With a halter around the necks of some of them, with death staring them in the face, they made a pretty free confession, implicating a number of persons who have hitherto stood high in that community.

The Governor of Wisconsin now gets a yearly income of $1,200. A proposition having been recently introduced in the Legislature to increase the salary to $2,000, Gov. Randall notified the members of that body that if adopted he would veto the measure, whereupon the proposition was dropped.

A yellow wolf was killed in Belleview Valley, Iron County, Mo., lately, which measured five feet four inches from the nose to the tail, was three feet in height, and its foot, with the claws, was five inches in length. The animal had killed one hundred sheep in the county.

A man sentenced to be hung was visited by hi wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" "No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

Well, farmer, you told us your woods was as good place for hunting. Now, we've tramped through it for three hours, and found no game. "Just so; well I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

"Mother, send for the doctor." "Why, my son?" "'Cause that man in the parlor is going to die. He said he would if sister Jane didn't marry him, and Jane said she wouldn't."

The cotton mills of the penitentiary of Texas are doing an excellent business, turning out no less than ten to twelve thousand yards of heavy fabrics weekly.

The Supreme Court now in session at Salem, Mass., has granted thirteen divorces. The almost universal cause of these dissolutions is a sad commentary on Massachusetts morals.

It is stated that one gentleman in Boston has on deposit on three of the banks of that city the large sum of $1,950,000.

The Senate of Wisconsin have passed a bill providing for a restoration of capital punishment.

One of the government measures now before the Canadian Parliament is a bill to exempt journalists from jury service.

There are reports of fraud and defalcation in the Exchange Bank at Nashville. The notes of the Bank were thrown out on the 19th.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We would beg respectfully to remind our many kind contributors that, as our space is highly valuable and, moreover, as brevity is the soul of wit, it is indispensable that they should confine themselves to *facts* and avoid as much as possible all untoward flourishes and long appreciations. By observing the following rules they will do much towards lightening the heaviest part of our editorial labors, and insuring the speedy insertion of their communications:

I. Be as brief as is consistent with perspicuity.

II. Write on one side of the paper only. It facilitates and expedites the typographical portion of our business. Henceforth, communications written on both sides of the paper will not be inserted.

III. Write all proper names as legibly as possible.

IV. Let your contributions reach us at the latest by Friday.

V. Let the spirit of your articles be conformable to the principles laid down in the article published in the present issue, entitled "Our New Volume."

PUBLICOLA, Canada West.—Subscribers to the *New Era* who do not wish to become subscribers to the TABLET, can inform their Postmaster to that effect, and he will notify us. Those who take the paper from the Post-office after the expiration of their subscription to the *New Era* we shall consider as subscribers to the TABLET.

J. C. H., Hornellsville.—Your communication came too late for insertion in this week's number. It will appear in our next.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

WE commence with our present number the second year of the TABLET. Notwithstanding the unprecedentedly dull times our paper has increased its circulation to an extent that we could hardly have ventured to expect. From every part of the United States and the British Provinces we have from time to time received the kindest encouragement, and have, therefore, the best reason for believing that if the TABLET is not yet all we would wish to make it, it has, at least, made friends for itself everywhere, and friends whose good opinion is, in itself, success.

We have done what time and opportunity enabled us to make the TABLET a Catholic paper such as parents could safely place in the hands of their children, confident of their finding in it much that might be both useful and entertaining, and nothing that could possibly be injurious to faith or morals.

It has been, and will continue to be our aim, as far as we possibly can, to avoid all disputes with our fellow-laborers of the Catholic press, as it is our earnest desire to see the entire body characterized by courtesy and good feeling one towards the other. There are enemies enough *outside* the Church, daily and hourly besieging her gates, enemies whom it is our common duty to resist, and the Catholic editor who employs his time and his talents in carping at his own brethren, in our opinion, makes but a sorry use of either one or the other.

From the strife of politics it is our intention to keep aloof. A paper professing to be exclusively Catholic, in our opinion, lowers its own position and does not at all benefit its readers by taking part in political discussions, which should be left to the various political organs, and assuredly "their name is legion." Still there will often arise questions wherein politics involve the interests of religion. These, the TABLET will always take up, on their own merits, without regard to the men or the parties opposed to each other.

Should the success of the paper in the coming year equal that of the past, we shall be enabled to make it still more useful, as well as more attractive. There are various other features of interest which we hope gradually to introduce, and which will, we have no doubt, increase the satisfaction of our readers. As yet, we have only been making an experiment, in order to see whether, and to what extent, a Catholic paper, such as the TABLET, could be supported. So far, the result is highly satisfactory, and we are, therefore, encouraged at the opening of this our second volume, to make some of our projected improvements, awaiting time and means to do the rest.

To the many kind friends who have all along appreciated our efforts and encouraged us to persevere in our attempt to supply a great public want amongst Catholics, we take this opportunity of tendering our best thanks, assuring them at the same time that no exertion shall be wanting on our part to make the TABLET what their public spirit and their genuine patriotism would wish to see it.

PURITANICAL PIETY.

THE piety of our puritanical fellow-citizens is of an extraordinary—though unfortunately not very rare—description. It is not of a self-contained and retiring kind, but on the contrary, is eminently demonstrative. Meekness is not one of its characteristics; for it is overbearing and agressive. Being of a nervous, irritable and "evangelically" choleric turn, it is exquisitely susceptible to interruption from external causes. The whistle of a careless juvenile will drag it from the most profound absorption. It is exceedingly dog-in-the-mangerish and even if it may not be inclined to give itself up to its pious bent, it will not allow others to do anything else, and there even be who hint, that, if it could, it would prevent any exhibition of piety inconsistent with its own peculiar manifestations.

The principal occupation of Puritanical Piety would seem to be, not so much to watch and pray for its own eternal welfare—for it is, in its own opinion, immaculate—but to find out the real or supposed transgressions of its neighbors, inveigh against them in unseemly eruptions of fanatical bile and compel them, if possible, by fair means or foul, to walk in its own hypocritical and puritanical path. Forbearance is no ingredient in its composition, and it will, sometimes, apply epithets which come rather unedifyingly from would-be pious lips, to those who by differing from its views may succeed in raising its holy ire.

When Puritanical Piety kneels down to pray—or makes believe to—its first requirement is that no man's dog shall bark while it pleases to be engaged in its devotional exercises. If it be hinted that innocent amusement is not incompatible with true religion, Puritanical Piety turns up the yellow of its jaundiced eyes and drawing down the corners of its demure mouth, gives vent to its horror in a nasal sigh.

It may be objected that such piety must not be very profound or heartfelt if it be so easily distracted, and that Hezekiah's fervor must not be very intense if he be prevented from praying because his neighbor Hans is practicing a new piece on the bassoon through which he blows food and raiment for his wife and children. There are also some who whisper that Hezekiah does not pray nearly so often as he pretends to—that he even occassionally passes a great part of Sunday in his counting house; but then nobody sees, nobody hears him, he is careful to moderate the chink of his eagles with a due regard to the holiness of the day and he still insists that Hans shall lay down his bassoon, for the idea of praying *may* enter his (Hezekiah's) head and *then*, of course, he must not be disturbed.

An inexperienced observer, looking on the lineaments of Puritanical Piety, would be apt to mistake them for those of pharisaical selfishness, wrought by want of exercise or badly cooked victuals, into a settled hatred of all its neighbors, and a dyspeptic horror of seeing a smiling or contented physiognomy within the circle of its vision. Those also who have been taught to think that True Piety, when it has humbly offered up its incense at the throne of the Most High, wears a smile of quiet joy, an open and unwrinkled brow, will most likely imagine that her puritanical counterfeit presentment has a striking resemblance to misanthropy. The Pharisee of the Scripture will be suggested to the minds of others, and those who deal in modern facts will be reminded that the man who first proposed to prevent the New Haven Railroad cars from running on Sundays was the puritanical SCHUYLER, who has carried with him to his pleasant villa on the banks of Lake Maggiore—or some other lake—the prayers of so many widows and orphans.

Such persons, however, must recollect that humility is an obsolete virtue, and that Piety, now-a-days, is worth nothing unless it be public, and like Modern Charity, to be good for anything, it must be advertized in the newspapers. The sinner of to-day, instead of bowing himself humbly down, crushed by the consciousness of his own unworthiness, telegraphs to his friends and relations in a business-like manner—not that heavenly grace has penetrated his heart and that he deplores the wickedness of his past life—but that HE "has come over to the Lord" and is happy in his self-righteousness.

Notwithstanding the popularity of this species of Piety in our city and, indeed, throughout the Union, we, ourselves, confess our leaning to the antiquated opinion that sour, grumbling, dyspeptic, puritanical affectation is not piety at all, that the feeling wears a smiling face, that its soft and sympathizing eye, beaming with charity and indulgence to all, even to the erring, radiates the pure internal light of a soul at peace with itself and with all men, cheering with its gentle beams all those on whom its gaze reposes.

THE BRITISH OUTRAGES AND THE PRESS.

THE recent alleged outrages on American commerce on the Cuban coast, if they have not dispelled our illusions with regard to the sincerity of our Anglo-Saxon cousin's friendship, if they do not have the ultimate effect of settling for ever the long-disputed question of the right of visit or of search—for WEBSTER looked upon them as identical—have at least developed some peculiarities of our American journalism which but for them might still have remained unknown to many. The most striking of these peculiarities is the historical ignorance of those who, by their profession, are presumed to be the instructors of the people and leaders of opinion amongst them. The causes which brought about the war of 1812 have been cited by most journals as parallel with those which if not ended will lead to the prospective war about which so much has been written in so short a time. The fact is that with one or two honorable exceptions none of our journalists seem to know what we went to war about in 1812. As one of those exceptions which we have mentioned has already given a historical lesson to his confreres, it is not necessary that we should repeat it; besides our design is merely to call attention to the shortcomings of our public instructors in this regard and request their subscribers to make a note of them.

A leading daily, enlightening its readers on the results of war with Great Britain, assures them that there is nothing in the world which would be more beneficent in its effects on, or which ought to be more fervently desired by the United, States than a passage at arms with that power. Such a war would bring out the capital which is lying dormant in the coffers of our banks, or only occasionally aired for purposes of "fancy" speculation. It would give an impetus to home manufacture, would afford plenty of work to our idle proletarians, pay off our State debts, neutralize the effects of the panic, in short it would be the panacea of all the ills under which our commerce and finance are laboring. Did we trust the prophecies of this cotemporary we would be inclined to declaim against those writers who have prated about the "horrors of war," and say: if war be such a blessing why let us have it as soon as possible, but we know that the ruling spirit of the journal in question, though not in his own country, is far from being a prophet.

Another leading daily sees very different results looming up in the future, through the receding smoke of war. To its prophetic vision, "Christianity" seems in exceeding peril should the two great champions of universal "Evangelization" run tilt against each other. Though we do not believe in the optimism of the journal first alluded to, neither do we share the fears of the latter. Christianity and proselytism are very different things; so also are Christianity and Anglo-American commerce.

The most curious fact, however, which the present wordy war has developed is that we have in our city British party organs. We have, as in London, our Whig and Tory journals. The *Herald* lays all the onus of the existing difficulties on Lord Palmerston who, if we believe it, has ever been anxious to pick a quarrel with this country; it expresses the greatest confidence in Lord Derby's ministry and has no doubt that when the conduct of the British naval officers is made known to him, it will be speedily apologized and compensated for. The *Times*, on the contrary, shows that the present Premier is the delinquent in the case and foresees the early adjustment of the outrage question in the expected downfall of the Derby ministry and the return to power of Lord Palmerston.

This diversity of opinion is more than enough to "puzzle a plain man," as the saying is; and no doubt it does puzzle a great many. If the general public found their opinions on the editorial teachings of certain of the morning Press, their ideas on many subjects must be singularly extravagant, and they would seem to be playing their part in the farce of the blind leading the blind.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT SUESCRIBERS.

ON and after July 1st, 1858, we will erase from our books the names of all subscribers who are indebted to us for the last year. We have not made any demands of payment during the late crisis last fall and winter, but gave our subscribers all possible accommodation. We hope they will not be unmindful of the fact, and will further recollect that our terms for the future are *Cash*. We hope those delinquent subscribers who owe us for last year will remit the amount of their indebtedness before the 1st July, otherwise we shall be obliged to stop their papers.

CONFIRMATION.—On Wednesday, 26th ult., the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to 435 persons in the Church of the Transfiguration, Mott street, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes.

On the following day, Thursday the 27th, His Grace also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, West Sixteenth street, to 552 persons of both sexes, of whom more than 100 were adults. Of those about 450 received Holy Communion for the first time.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Andrew's Church, corner of City Hall Place and Duane street, on Sunday last, to over 400 persons, amongst whom were several adult converts to our Holy Faith. So anxious were the people to see the Archbishop perform the ceremony, that the Church was filled long before the time appointed. There were several strangers present, amongst whom we noticed General Chambers, of Kentucky. The Archbishop addressed the children, exhorting them to continue firm in the Faith, to be good Christians. He said:

You are about to receive a Sacrament of the living, and every one who receive it must be in a state of grace. Baptism is a Sacrament of the dead. All the children of Adam are born in original sin. There is another Sacrament of the dead—Penance. When we fall into mortal sin we must expiate for it by penance, confession and sorrow. But you are about to receive the Sacrament of the living, to receive the Holy Ghost, and you live in future by the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost. Our Divine Redeemer communicated to each the merits of his death on the cross. He established his Church on earth to protect you and be your guide. Oh! how happy is your lot compared with many others. How God has favored you. Yourselves should co-operate with God by being strong and perfect Christians—being soldiers of Jesus Christ. He is your leader—your captain—you belong to him, as his soldiers you should never prove refractory. You must comprehend the solemn Sacrament you are to receive. A conflict is going on in this world, and you must be ranged under the banner of Christ. It happens too often that children know God sooner in blasphemy than in prayer. The very air we breathe is polluted with vile and filthy language, which we hear every hour in the street. Never, oh! never let your lips be polluted by the blasphemy of your God; never let His name escape your lips except in prayer. You are Catholic children; you have to choose your companions in life. Choose Catholics, not alone in name but in practice. It would be a danger, a disgrace, not to be on your guard against every one who, by word or example, would seduce you from the path you have chosen to walk in future. The spectacle before me shows that you have Christian Brothers and Sisters amongst you. Keep yourselves pure, and then you will be an honor to your parents and an ornament to the Church, whose children you are. The resolution you have formed this day keep inviolate. You must surround yourselves with the Holy Sacraments, attend the Holy Mass regularly, be faithful to the Church, and you will fulfil your mission in this world and receive eternal happiness in the next.

The following clergymen were present and assisted the pastor, the Rev. Father Curran: Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, Father McNierney, Archdeacon McCarron and Father Trainor.

[For the TABLET, by our Montreal Correspondent.]

FIRST COMMUNION IN A CONVENT.

CONVENTUAL EDUCATION.

I had the privilege of witnessing this morning the reception of First Communion in the Convent of the Congregation in this city. To those who have never seen such a sight some few remarks on it may not be uninteresting. The young communicants are all robed in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads and long veils descending almost to their feet. They are ranged in a double row on either side of the Chapel, with one of the older pupils between each two. This young lady is clothed in light blue, the summer costume of the Institution, she, too, wears a long white veil, fastened on her head by a wreath of silver flowers. These are the "Guardian Angels," each one of whom conducts two little ones to the altar, and otherwise watches over their conduct and renders those little attentions which may be necessary. Each of the communicants has a long wax taper, tastefully adorned, standing by her seat in a massive silver candlestick, and nothing can be more beautiful than the four rows of lighted tapers, the veiled and garlanded heads bowed down before the majesty of Him whose delight is to be with the children of men, the delicate contrast of Mary's modest colors, white and blue, with the black habit of the Sisters as they flit here and there or kneel in remote corners praying for the beloved "little ones" whom they have so carefully prepared for that great occasion; then the Bishop at the altar, his paternal countenance beaming with joy as he turns to address the children. When the latter have all received Holy Communion and are conducted to their places, the "Angels-guardian" advance to the altar, and after them the parents of the first communicants. Confirmation is afterwards given, and again the good prelate and his ministers join in prayer, inviting all present to pray with them on behalf of the young Christians thus enrolled under the banner of the Cross and admitted for the first time to the banquet of the Lamb. The whole, conducted with that admirable order which distinguishes religious communities, forcibly reminds one of that beautiful saying that religion is the perfection of order.

The reflection that naturally occurs to the mind on such an occasion is this, that the Catholic parents who wilfully deprive their children of the inestimable advantages of conventual education are much to be pitied, inasmuch as they must be totally blind to the true interests of their offspring. What amount of secular learning can make up for the want of religious teaching? What school can bestow so much of feminine grace and modesty on the young daughters of our families as those over which Mary presides in the person of her consecrated virgins? The atmosphere of a convent is one of peace and purity—why, then, should we expose the young and tender mind to other institutions where the spirit of worldliness, folly, and vanity reign supreme? How long will Catholic parents remain insensible to these truths?

Congregational Nunnery, Montreal.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1858.

The present session of Congress is within a few days of its termination, and yet several of the most important bills have to be passed in order to enable the wheels of Government to revolve till the short session next year. The private calendar has been almost untouched, and, as is now foreseen, will have to remain so, unless Congress rescind their joint resolution to adjourn on the 7th of June, or the President call an extra session to complete the unfinished business of the country. One or the other of those alternatives it is thought will occur.

The excitement here among all parties and persons at the outrages perpetrated on our coasting vessels by British cruisers, is intense and universal. There seems to be but one sentiment in and out of Congress on the subject, and that a speedy and plenary reprisal on her Majesty's cruisers for what they have done should be the remedy. I learn the Secretary of the Navy comes up to the expectations of the people in this respect, and has given orders to the commanders of the different Navy Yards to equip every vessel for service with the greatest dispatch for the Gulf and bring John Bull's expedition to a speedy termination.

The bills of Senator Douglas, which he introduced this week in the Senate, covers the whole ground on which the President may take a firm stand, if necessary, during the recess, to prevent or punish foreign aggression on our national honor and rights. This bill emphatically takes the bull by the horns, and throws the responsibility of prompt and efficient action on the President, to whom it properly belongs, and who will, I am sure, leave nothing undone to satisfy the national feeling in the matter.

The *Water Witch* was to have left our Navy Yard yesterday, under the command of Lieut. Rogers, with orders to catch the British steamer *Styx*, and tow her into port. Other vessels will follow as soon as they can be got ready with a similar object.

The "Little Giant" of the West, I understand, is going to Illinois when Congress rises. There seems to be a *crisis* at this time in the fortunes of the Democratic party. It must either come to an amicable understanding on past differences of opinion on questions of public policy, or surrender its powers and patronage into the hands of the Opposition whatever that may be in 1860. The conduct of the Washington *Union* and *Star*, besides kindred journals in other parts of the country, in abusing Senator Douglas and his friends, is bringing the controversy to an unfavorable issue. The Chicago *Times* pertly puts the interrogatory to the Administration, "if those papers represent its views, if so, then the sooner it is known the better; for there are one hundred and eighty thousand Democrats in Illinois, a larger number in Ohio, all of Indiana, nine-tenths of Michigan, and so on as regards all the northern States, who are prepared to take care of themselves." Better councils, it is hoped, will prevail with Mr. Buchanan before a final separation from him of his old friends takes place. Mr. Buchanan is a kind-hearted man, and hardly suspects the motions of those who approach him on the bended knee that thrift may follow fawning; but let him only get a glance at the true character of that class of men, and he will lose no time in correcting any errors that he might have fallen into. I know the President well—I have known him for five and twenty years as his personal and political friend, and I am free to say that no man is more ready than he to do what is right if rightly advised or fairly understood by him to be his duty. Notwithstanding the acerbity of feelings existing between the friends of the President and those of Judge Douglas on the Kansas question, outside of that they all harmonize, and work together; and if this apple of discord could be buried for ever in oblivion nothing now would exist to divide the Democratic party.

My *expose* of the Hon. John Letcher's abolition sentiments, in your number of the 22nd inst., has caused considerable fluttering among the Virginians and other Southern members in Congress. It has acted like a bombshell among those sensitive gentlemen, and blown an entire State into fragments upon a gubernatorial question.

A letter from Leavenworth, dated the 10th inst., which I heard read, says that the "English" compromise bill will be defeated by more than 10,000 majority, whenever it comes to be voted upon.

The *North West*, the organ of Senator Jones, of Iowa, at Dubuque, is defunct. The removal of Judge Corkery, a sound Democrat and good Irish-American Catholic, from the position of Postmaster of the city, and the appointment of a Mr. Heath, a Clerk in the General Land Office here—an Old Line Whig—to fill his place, has not only done that, but thrown the Democratic party into the arms of the Republicans in Dubuque.

Mr. Walcott, the contumacious Congressional corruption witness, has failed to appear before the Criminal Court this morning, and has thus forfeited his bail, which, I learn, is heavy.

SIGMA.

We send our Agents and others, samples of the first number of our new volume this week. Agents will please distribute them amongst their Catholic friends. Persons wishing to subscribe can do so by addressing the publishers at the office, 164 William street, New York, or by giving their names and the price of subscription to the Agent in their vicinity. For list of Agents see our last page.

The opening festival of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, will take place on Monday evening, June 7th, and be continued the two following evenings. An Inaugural Address will be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Schneller. Dr. Ives and Richard O'Gorman, Esq., will also deliver addresses. Tickets 25 cents. To commence at half-past seven o'clock.

TO COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, &C.

We respectfully call the attention of Educational Institutions to our Catalogue of Books for Premiums. We have Gerald Griffin's Works (nine volumes now ready), Brownson's Essays, Fabiola, Blakes and Flanagans, Religion in Society, Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Life of St. Bernard, Life of the Blessed Virgin, Life of Christ, &c., &c., in various styles of binding. A liberal discount to Colleges and Religious Institutions.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
164 William street, New York.

NEW EDITIONS OF VALUABLE BOOKS NOW READY.

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Cloth Extra,	$1 25
Extra Library Style,	1 50

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
164 William street, New York.

We feel pleasure in calling attention to the card of our friend, JAMES E. MCGEE, Esq., which will be found in our advertising columns. Mr. McGee has opened an office for the practice of his profession as Attorney and Counsellor at Law at 289 Broadway, and though we hope that our readers may keep out of the law, still if they should be obliged to go into it, we could not desire to see them in better hands than those of Mr. McGee.

We would advise persons desirous of sending their likeness, or presents of prayer books, bibles, &c., to their friends in Great Britain and Ireland, to avail themselves of the facility afforded them by the Ocean Transit Company. See advertisement in another page.

If Mr. Michael Doyle, who advertised some months ago in the TABLET for P. O'Connor, will call at or send his address to this office, he will hear of something to his advantage.

PLACES WHERE THE TABLET CAN BE HAD WHOLESALE IN NEW YORK.

WHOLESALE.

Dexter & Bro.	16 *Ann street.*
Madden & Co.	14 " "
Hamilton & Johnson	22 " "
Cauldwell & Boyle	23 " "
Hendrickson & Weaver	30 " "
Samuel Yates	22 *Beekman street.*
Ross & Tousey	121 *Nassau street.*

*** Show Bills for each week can be had at the office.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Places where the TABLET and Catholic Books can be had at New York prices:

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.	*Cor. Notre Dame & St. Francis Xavier sts., Montreal.*
William Hickey	128 *Federal street, Boston.*
P. F. Cunningham	*Philadelphia, Pa.*
John Whitney	*Providence, R. I.*
M. O'Sullivan	63 *S. Pearl st., Albany, N. Y.*
Francis Rourke	10½ *King street, Troy,* "
Thomas Duggan	*St. Louis, Mo.*
Matthew Cadden	" "
John P. Walsh	*Cincinnati, Ohio.*
M. H. Bird	" "
T. O'Connell	" "
Henry Kreamer	*Cleveland,* "
Patrick Sheahan	*Lowell, Mass.*
Thomas Maguiness	*Worcester,* "
William J. Rohan	*Fall River,* "
Edward J. Kelleher	*Bangor, Maine.*
Terence McGowan	*Portland,* "
James Costello	*Biddeford,* "
Peter Kirwain	*Bloomington, Ill.*
Patrick Roache	*Chicago,* "
Miss Margaret McKenna	*Pittsburgh, Pa.*
P. Doyle	*Toronto, C. W.*
P. Lecher	*Wheeling, Va.*
Bernard O'Neill	*Patterson, N. J.*
P. P. Cantwell	*Trenton,* "
E. Downes	*New Haven, Conn.*
Samuel Tighe	*Memphis, Tenn.*

We have received the *Metropolitan* for June. We will notice it next week. The following are the contents:

Biographical Sketch of Pius IX.—Chapter V.
The Frescoes of Andrea Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa.
Memoir of Baron de Kalb.
To a Sleeping Child (Poetry).
Christian Festivals—No. VI.
The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.
Isabella; or, The Heroine of Algiers.
Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Baltimore.
Death Scenes of Distinguished Personages.
Miscellanea.
Review of Current Literature.
Literary Intelligence.
Editor's Table.
Record of Events—Foreign Intelligence.
Domestic Intelligence—Affairs of the Church.
Obituary.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages, directed to as many different persons, for distribution at club prices.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. James McGee will visit Rondout and all towns south of it, on both sides of the Hudson River, next week and the week following. He has bills for all indebted to us, and we hope they will be ready to pay up. He has also a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale.

Mr. Michael Falvey is now travelling through the State of Ohio. He has a good stock of Catholic Books, Beads, &c., for sale. He is fully authorized to receive subscriptions for the NEW YORK TABLET.

Mr. John Graham will call on our Subscribers in Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Xenia, and intervening towns, during the months of May and June. We hope they will be ready to pay up all arrearages.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. D. O'Sullivan, is now collecting and canvassing for the TABLET in Western New York. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. Robert Wilkinson is now canvassing in Philadelphia for the TABLET. He will serve it regularly every week at subscribers' residences. Mr. Wilkinson is fully authorized to act as Agent, receive subscriptions, &c., for the NEW YORK TABLET. We cheerfully recommend him to the Catholics of Philadelphia and vicinity.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, 27 1-2 Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and advertisements for the TABLET.

The NEW YORK TABLET and *Metropolitan Magazine* only Four Dollars per year, payable in advance.

The NEW YORK TABLET and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

It is with pleasure that we call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., 189 Broadway, Agents for Meneely's well known Church, Factory and Steamboat Bells.

A furnished room, with partial board, in a private Catholic family, may be obtained by applying at 301 Bridge street, Brooklyn. Reference exchanged.

Literature.

ALICE SHERWIN: A Tale of the days of Sir Thomas More. By C. J. M. New York: D. & J. SADLIER & Co., 164 William St. Boston: 128 Federal St. Montreal: Corner of Notre Dame and Francis Xavier Sts. 1858.

There is no style of literature more entertaining and at the same time more pleasingly instructive than the historical novel, provided the novelist be a conscientious writer, unbiassed by political or sectarian prejudices. If the author of such novels be conscious of the duties he owes to his readers, if he recollect that he has a power for warping or properly directing the public mind with regard to the events of the past, as great—nay greater—than that of the historian or the biographer—for how many who never open the pages of a serious history, glean all their historical knowledge from romances and novels whose heroes and heroines are taken from the pages of history—his power for doing good is immense.

We feel bound to say that the author of "Alice Sherwin" has done his duty in this regard. His fidelity to history is highly creditable to him; he has consulted all the chronicles of the times of that impure and bloody-minded tyrant, the eighth Harry—the worthy fountain-head from which has flown the "Evangelic" stream of the English Church. His book is less a novel than a faithful history adorned with the attractions of a novel.

The time in which the events of the story are unfolded presented a rich field to the novelist, and the author of "Alice Sherwin" has fully availed himself of the mass of materials at his command. All the personages of any note during Henry's reign are passed in review and made to talk and act before the reader. In delineating the characters of the remarkable persons of the time the writer has adhered to the opinions of the most trustworthy historians. The pious, noble, and quietly suffering Queen Catherine, the virtuous wife and mother who sees herself repudiated and her beloved child stamped with illegitimacy to satisfy the unholy passion of the monster Henry for Ann Boleyn, bears in the pages of the book the same firm yet resigned aspect she wears in history—her of whom Shakespeare says:

Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

The characters of Henry, of Anne Boleyn, Cromwell, Cranmer, &c., are also faithful portraits. The towering figure in the book is the great Cardinal. The author gives him a noble physiognomy and attributes to him a lesser part in the King's "secret affair" than Lingard. With this exception the author's portrait of my Lord of York tallies with that of the most unprejudiced historians and with that of the immortal bard himself:

This Cardinal
Though from an humble stock undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer,
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those two twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet, so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

The persecution which the pious children of the Church suffered for conscience' sake is thrillingly described. We regret that our space will only admit of the following short extract:

During the few days which preceded that appointed for the execution of the three priors, no means were left untried to induce them to sign a confession of the justice of their sentence, or at least appeal to the royal clemency. As the council entertained no hope of shaking Houghton, they contented themselves with increasing his torments, chaining him in such a position that it was impossible for him to avoid contact with the putrid soil, and substituting strong bitter beer for water, thereby occasioning the most violent thirst. No murmur escaped his cracked and bleeding lips; but Father Augustine scrupled not to upbraid his jailor with the unnecessary cruelty he practised towards those under his charge. As for Father Robert Lawrence, he was seized with a severe ague, which so prostrated him, that when, on the evening of the 4th of May, his chain was loosened for the purpose of conducting him to the torture-chamber, he was unable to stand; but the familiars of the executioner dragged him along with very little ceremony; and when he entered the gloomy vault, dimly lighted by resin torches, he found his brother priors, who, pale but resigned, received him with a smile of encouragement. In the centre of the floor, not far from the rack, was an upright chair, on either side of which were two men in leather doublets, their brawny arms bare to the shoulder; the one held a curiously-shaped instrument, the other ten long needles; whilst pinioned in such a manner as to occasion great pain was the aged monk, the patriarch of the Charter house, who had recently given his last blessing to his superior and the community.

Sir William Kingston had contrived to absent himself from this revolting scene; but his deputy, a man of rude and brutal disposition, demanded if Father Anselm, of the Salutation, still denied his privacy to the traitorous designs of his Superior Father John Houghton, and the Priors of the other two houses of his Order, distinguished as of the Visitation and Bellaval; offering as the price of his confession perpetual imprisonment in lieu of death to all save the principal offenders.

The poor old monk rolled his sightless orbs in the direction of his interrogator, but made no reply; and on Father Houghton attempting to speak, he was struck across the mouth by one of the attendants; whilst on a given signal the two demons in human form commenced thrusting the needles under the nails of the bloodless and shrivelled hands, which were fastened over the victim's head. Father Anselm quivered with pain, and made as if he would reply; but whilst the notary grasped his pen, expecting something which he could construe into the admission he sought, the monk, less tremulously than usual, recited the *Miserere*, which so enraged the sub-lieutenant, that he ordered him to be stretched on the rack. Here he continued until no one joint was in its proper place; and whilst the countenances of the Carthusians present were agonized to the last degree, the sufferer himself uttered not a groan, though he fainted more than once: on these occasions he was sprinkled with cold water, his recovery being the signal for the increase of his torture, until, raising his head as far as the ligatures would permit, he exclaimed in a loud clear voice, "Jesu! Jesu! Jesu! be to me a Jesus!" and expired.

The body of the martyr was flung into a deep pit, and his companions reconducted to their dungeon.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN, THE APOSTLE. By a Secular Priest. Boston: P. DONAHOE.

In the work before us the author has presented the Catholic population of the United States with a lasting monument of his zeal, industry, and profound and lucid reasoning. The work should be in the hands of every one whose mind has arrived at that degree of maturity which enables them safely to take cognizance of such subjects. The work is written in a clear, succinct but graceful style, and as a piece of composition reflects great credit on the reverend author. In the typographical portion of the work, the binding, &c., the publisher has performed his part of the work in a highly creditable manner.

SILVA; or, *The Triumph of Virtue*. By the Author of "Lorenzo." Translated by a Sister of Charity. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co. 1858.

This neat little volume is handsomely got up, and is very appropriate for presents to the young. We make an extract from the Preface: "The reader is carried back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and made familiar with scenes in that period of English history when the profession of Catholicity was a crime against the state. In the person of Silva, the young Count of Walsingham, it describes one of the many instances of the cruel persecution of the Catholic nobility of England; in the heroic conduct of the Rev. Mr. Moore, the disguised physician, it draws a faithful picture of many of the Catholic clergy who braved torture and death in order to carry the consolations of religion to their persecuted brethren."

MARTHA; or, *The Hospital Sister*. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co.

We cannot speak too highly of this pretty little volume; a better book could not be put into the hands of the young of both sexes. The trials of Ernestine, who had the misfortune to have infidel parents, her heroic forbearance and true filial piety, are well portrayed. But it is when she becomes an "Hospital Sister" that her virtues and many acts of humiliation, of charity and fortitude, shine forth with heavenly splendor. Her tending the sick, her receiving the last sighs of her repentant mother, and finding her father on the battle-field mortally wounded—all this makes it an interesting and instructive little volume. The multiplication of such works is much to be desired in this country.

THE PRINTER. A Monthly Paper. Volume I. No. 1. May, 1858. New York: HENRY & HUNTINGTON, 1 Spruce street.

This new monthly publication is devoted to the advancement of the art which embalms men's thoughts and sends them down to future ages in monuments less perishable than the Pyramids themselves. The "History of Printing, its origin and early improvements," is commenced in the present, and will be continued in future numbers.

We have received from Messrs. MURPHY & Co., of Baltimore, *The Foot of the Cross; or, the Sorrows of Mary*, by Father Faber. It reached us at too late a period for notice in the present number.

IRISH LITERATURE.

ST. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE.

We are indebted to the Rev. Mr. O'Hanlon of Dublin for a valuable little fragment of Irish hagiology: *The Life of St. Lawrence O'Toole*. We believe this is but one of a series of THE IRISH SAINTS by the same gentleman. Every true lover of Ireland—every child of her ancient Church—has often felt the want of a modern work on our hagiology, calculated to bring the Saints of Ireland before that world which has all but forgotten them. It is a shame for us that while the Saints of all other countries are carefully kept in the foreground of their people's memory, ours — and they would form a Calendar in themselves—should be suffered to rest in the common oblivion which has swallowed up most of what was great, and noble, and exalted in ancient Ireland.

For many reasons we are grateful to Mr. Hanlon for this excellent little Life of St. Lawrence O'Toole. In the first place, because it is well that our children should study the character of this great model-bishop, who, full of the loftiest spirit of patriotism, devoted the energies of his powerful mind to the alleviation of his country's woes, and fearlessly braved the overwhelming power of HENRY THE SECOND in order to obtain for his afflicted people even a measure of their rights. St. Lawrence, the great, the glorious Archbishop of Dublin, the meek, the lowly, the mortified Servant of God, the father, the protector, the defender, the *tribune* of his race—he who compassed sea and land to effect the deliverance of his people—he who wore away with toil and travel on their account that stately frame of whose beauty and comeliness all his biographers make mention, till in one of his pilgrimages to Rome, while he was going to make yet another appeal against the English monarch's oppression, he was taken sick on the French coast, and died in a French Abbey far away from the land he loved so truly and so fervently. Ah! there is not on the Church's Calendar a greater, a more noble name than that of St. Lawrence O'Toole, and it is a work of merit to us all to bring him before this tepid, self-seeking generation. Another reason why we rejoice to see his life published is this, that in France a city sprang up around his tomb, and a gorgeous temple was erected over it by the munificent piety of French princes and nobles. In that country *St. Lawrent d'Eu* has been, and is, honored as he ought to be, and his memory is cherished amongst all classes of the people. In Ireland, the land of his birth, the land of his love, the land for which he struggled, comparatively little note was taken of him until within a few years past. Happily, the nation is now beginning to do justice to his memory, and churches are being erected in various parts of the country in honor of this descendant of Irish princes, the sainted Irish patriot, who, in his day, sought to infuse into the national heart that sublime love of country, that noble public spirit which in all times forms a nation's best safeguard.

We hope to see Mr. O'Hanlon's book extensively circulated in this country. It is a work which displays a large amount of learning and research, and is, therefore, a very valuable contribution to our literature.

IRISH MUSIC.

We are glad to see that our friend Mr. Haverty of this city has just got up a very choice selection of popular Irish airs arranged for the piano-forte in a simple pleasing style that will be sure to captivate the young learner. From the hasty glance which we have only, as yet, had time to give, and the few airs which we have tried, we can pronounce the arrangement of the whole to be on the purest style of ancient Irish composition. Many of them are taken, if we mistake not, from Bunting's invaluable work, and, as such, we can recommend them as pure from the hands of those great old bards who have left us such a wealth of world-famed music. The value of a national music is inconceivably great, if people only knew it. It is the sure record of past civilization, and it holds the key of a nation's heart from generation to generation. It is painful to see the descendants of Irish emigrants affecting to despise the music of their fatherland and turning up their fastidious noses at those glorious old airs which have stood the critical test of ages, and which win the admiration of all true lovers of music, no matter what their country. While all the eminent composers delight to exercise their genius on Irish *themas*, and few musical entertainments pass without some *morceau* of our old harpists, you will everywhere find misses and masters with unmistakable Irish names sneering at "Irish music" as something altogether unsuited to the present age of the world. Little do they know that these gems of ancient art, whose value they cannot estimate, will delight the world in ages yet to come, when they and the noisy, blustering, "cut-a-dash" pieces—the polkas, the scottisches and all the rest in which they delight to "show off," will sleep in the oblivion which awaits everything "trasby." To those parents who are desirous of preserving our national music and wish to make it known to their children, we have much pleasure in recommending Mr. Haverty's "HUNDRED IRISH AIRS."

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Perched upon a tree-top,
Thro' the summer-day,
A mock-bird trolls his varied song,
A merry roundelay;
And springs exulting from the bough,
While caroling away,
Plucking the ripely-blushing berries
From the thorny spray.

Now in gentle murmurs
The liquid numbers float,
Like a fountain welling up,
Bubbling, in his throat;
Every forest note he mocks,
Every wild-bird's call,
As a lute among the leaves,
Sweet, at even-fall.

Darting from his perch on high,
Down along the brake,
From whose thorny covert
Glides a monster-snake,
Screaming loud, with angry tone,
He th' invader pecks,
The Singer sweet—the Lover brave—
For love nor danger recks.

Near, amid the branches,
Brooding silent there,
Sits his russet-coated mate,
Full of matron care;
While she tends her callow brood,
Ceaseless flows his song,
Like my native-mountain stream,
Bold and clear along.

R. P.

OUR PROVERBS.

The following extract from the Preface of the Book of *Fifty Proverbs*, of which we are about to give a translation in the TABLET, will suffice to show the object and the utility of the work:

"The name of *Proverb* is given to certain maxims or sentences intended to express, in a brief and striking form, a truth consecrated by experience. The finest and most ancient proverbs are found in the Bible, where they form an entire book: *The Book of Proverbs*, written by Solomon, the wisest of kings, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Amongst all nations, both ancient and modern, a vast number of these proverbial sayings are found; and it is, doubtless, for that reason that they are called *The Wisdom of Nations*. There are none of you, my good friends, who do not often employ this figurative language; you have only to glance over the contents of this little volume and you will recognize a host of old acquaintances.

"Now, it seems to me that proverbs in general are of three sorts: some, faithful to their origin, express a truth; others, on the contrary, are nothing more than the brilliant but deceitful garb of an error, a prejudice, an idea fatal to both faith and morals; finally, the third class, and they are the most numerous, comprises those whose elastic form is susceptible either of a good or bad meaning, according to the intention of the person making use of them. I would teach you to draw all the good you can from the first; to guard against the dangers of the second; to employ the third only in a just and proper sense.

"There are few occasions of your life in which you cannot express your sentiments by a proverb. To pass those proverbs in review, is to bring before you your most habitual thoughts; to examine what truth and what error there is in each, and how far they are conformable to the teachings of religion.

"I do not pretend to teach you anything

new. I merely propose to take occasion from the proverbs to converse familiarly and cheerfully with you on many points which you know as well as I, but which all of us are too apt to forget."

[*Translated for the* N. Y. TABLET, *by* MRS. J. SADLIER.]

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Duty to God.

A beautiful proverb, my good friends, and one which I am happy to meet at the commencement of our little series.

I. *The honor* due to superiors, whether parents, masters, magistrates, or sovereigns, is the bond of families, cities, States; it is the first duty of all those who have superiors. And who is there, I would ask, no matter how high his position, who, even on earth, has no superior? The Pope himself, the highest authority existing here below, obeys his confessor in the affairs of his conscience;—when sick, he obeys his physician.

And observe that it is little to speak of obedience: *honor* implies much more. *To honor*, is not merely to obey materially him who has the right to command; it is to love and respect him. Oh yes, a society wherein our proverb should be a rule for each individual would be a perfect society. And if so many of our associations have fallen short of that perfection, it is precisely because we have lost the custom of obeying, loving, respecting our superiors.

II. But all this is nothing, compared with what I have yet to say. The man who would assert that, in a kingdom, honor is due to all authorities, *except the Sovereign*, from whom all authority flows, would himself be a fool. And would that soldier be more rational, who would obey his corporal, his sergeant, his captain, yet refuse to execute the orders of his colonel? What are we to think, then, my dear friends, of those who say, by their actions, if not by their words: *Honor to all power*, except the chief power of all, the Lord of Lords, the King of Kings, the *Colonel of Colonels?* (You cannot but remember the story of the pious dragoon who called Our Lord *the Colonel of Colonels.*) Or rather, what are we to think of ourselves, if we are good sons, good servants, good citizens,—but *bad Christians?*

We know well that God is our Creator and our Sovereign Lord. We are born in a Christian country; our youth has been nourished with the bread of truth; perhaps we were cradled on the knee of a pious mother, who delighted in forming our young hearts to the love of God. Have we cherished the remembrance of those first impressions. Why, reason itself would suffice to show us the absurdity of excepting God alone from the general rule laid down by our proverb.

And yet, dear friends, what place does God occupy in our life? what honor to we pay him? Tell me not that you do not see God, and, consequently, cannot pay Him that homage which you do not seek to withhold from the superiors whom your eyes behold. What matter is it whether you see God or not, since you feel Him in His works; since you know well that He has created you, and that He has seen fit to impose a law upon you, through the medium of the Church?

And, moreover, how often does it not happen that you honor those whom you do not see? If you have lost a father, a brother, a husband, do you not honor them by your remembrance of them, by the tears which you shed over their grave, or their image, by the pleasure you take in speaking of their merits. And yet you do not see them! How many persons are there, too, whom you honor without ever having seen them? Say, have you no respect for the mother who died in giving you birth? or for the parents of your parents of whom the latter so often spoke to you in your childhood? Have you never felt an emotion of gratitude when reading the lives of those great men who have done so much for your country and your race in times past—do you not honor the memory of a St. Louis, a Joan of Arc, a St. Vincent de Paul, a St. Patrick, a Brian Boromhe, a Washington, a Wallace, or a Tell, those illustrious patriots and benefactors of mankind?

Say not, then, that you cannot honor whom you do not see. God exists; He has enriched you with His favors; you are bound, then, to render Him homage. And how many times in the day—nay, in the week, or the month, do you offer Him a grateful heart? Once more, what place does God hold in your thoughts, your affections, your conversation? You must admit that you live as though God did not exist.

III. What is to be done, then? To blush for our past conduct; and, since God has established on earth ministers of His law, who are, as it were, His representatives to us, we must, my good friends, go to one of these men, and say to him: "Father, I feel that I have hitherto failed in a principal duty." I flatter myself with being a just man, and rendering to every one what is their due; and yet I commit the grievous injustice of living in forgetfulness of Him to whom are due, before all others, honor, praise and love. There was a time when I was more happy, because I was more just; I remember having loved the good God in my early childhood. Father, teach me how to love Him again. I will cheerfully go back to the first chapter of the catechism of my early years. "God created us," said the catechism, "to know Him, love Him, and serve Him, and by that means to obtain everlasting life.

Do that, my dear friends. You will have no difficulty in finding a good priest who will rejoice to see your good dispositions. How happy you will then be! how much less difficult obedience will be to you, when you have again learned that all authority comes from God! How much easier you will also find command, in case you are called on to exercise it. Seeing you obey God, your children, your workmen, your servants will have less trouble in obeying you. For they, too, will know, by your example and your precepts, that in obeying you they obey the Sovereign Master; and they will be proud of that obedience which, it has been said, is true royalty: *To serve God, is to reign.*

CATHOLICITY IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 26th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

A branch of the holy and venerable Order of Jesus has been established in our city since last July, and in the comparatively brief space that has since intervened, they have accomplished wonders. Near the outskirts of the western portion of the city and among a population that were almost lost to religion, they have built a church which has been since twice enlarged. In the vicinity of this the new church is being erected (the corner stone was laid last summer), and we hear that the close of this present year will bring it far on towards completion. When finished it will be a proud monument to the zeal and industry of the pious Fathers. The hearts of all here have been won by their goodness, and by the transformation they have made among the surrounding population, who were at one period a by-word and reproach to the Catholic name. Now, what a change has taken place! their church is nightly crowded to excess, and those that for years have never set foot in the House of God or approached the holy tribunal of confession, now edify all, by their piety and devotion. Verily, "By their works shall ye know them."

It is designed also to establish a college and seminary to be conducted by professors of the Jesuit Order. The high distinction that has been won by the Jesuit universities throughout the world is a pledge that the Chicago branch will not be long unknown to fame. It is wonderful to note the zeal and energy of the Premier Father, Rev. E. Damon;—besides giving missions and retreats in the city churches, he has gone forth into the country towns and cities and brought back hundreds, nay, thousands to the Church; men and women whose faith had slept through a dark night of ten and twelve and fifteen years. He possesses a surprising force of language, and his lectures have become the synonyms of vigor and eloquence. To know that Father Damon preaches is to throng the church to its utmost capacity.

The fine edifice dedicated to the patron saint of our own dear isle is yet incomplete, but in the hands of the excellent and efficient Father Dunn. St. Patrick's will be speedily finished. The Catholics of the west division are honored in such a noble church and worthy pastor. On the north side we have a church, also incomplete, that is designed to be the cathedral of this diocese. It is of vast proportions, and if finished according to the original design, will be the finest church edifice in the West.

Our Catholic societies, we regret to say, are not, whether in the number of their members or in their influence, commensurate to the large and influential Catholic population of the city which numbers from twenty to thirty thousand. The oldest existing society we have here—the Chicago Catholic Institute—was established in 1854. Owing to the zealous exertions of its friends it at first prospered, but towards the close of '57 it languished and well nigh expired. Through all the exertions of a few of the old members, however, joined with the efforts of the Rev. clergy, a new leaf has been turned, and it now gives permanent promise of future success. Having the Rev. M. Dillon as president, and Rev. E. Damon, S. J., for coadjutor president, there need be no fear but that their labors and influence will make it what it should be, a society of which every Catholic may be proud.

Sunday last was an era in its existence, being marked by the opening of a new and very commodious hall and reading room, the free use of which has been donated to the institute by Daniel McIlroy, Esq., late U. S. District Attorney. The gift does him worthy honor.

Our brief space will not permit a lengthy notice of the occasion, nor of its great feature—the opening address by Rev. A. Damon. It would be difficult to form a just conception of its force and power. Its effect may be judged from the fact that over fifty persons enrolled their names at the close. At some early day I will write to you on some other matters of local importance.

ALBAN.

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLIC PENAL LEGISLATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Protestantism has many strange weaknesses, but none more ridiculous, and, certainly, none more unjust, than that of deciding, according to its own present penal code, on the equity of punishments imposed in Catholic times and countries. Catholic Princes and Catholic Ecclesiastics have received their full share of abuse. What has not been said against the discipline of Hildebrand? How has Philip II. not been attacked? What Pope or Catholic king has escaped? The illustrious Gregory is represented as a ruthless despot, who cared neither for the feelings nor the lives of his fellow-beings. The great Spanish king is handed down to us as a monster, who delighted in the violation of all human rights both personal, proprietary, and conscientious. Other Popes and monarchs have been pictured to us in corresponding style. And what of all that has been said on the point that has not been unhesitatingly swallowed and impudently expressed again by Protestant people. Burnet, that arch liar and hypocrite, is never questioned either in his false statements or bad reasonings; his fellow churchmen look upon him as a sanctified historian and a most profound philosopher. Macaulay's falsehoods, his evidently bad logic, and his tory bigotry, are believed with satisfaction, admitted without a doubt, and respected with religious veneration. Gladstone is reputed to be a saint and a miracle of human sagacity. The bloody harangues of Wesley are still made use of, still eagerly accepted, and still unfortunately dangerous. The like of Jeremy Bentham, the greatest sophist that ever lived, has never been seen. Hallem's notorious one-sidedness excludes all further examination. Mills' history of the Crusades is as true and philosophical as Holy Writ itself. The best syllogisms of the Dublin Aristotle are those which he has fulminated against Catholic legislation. An essay in Exeter Hall on the Temporal Power of the Popes has thousands to hear it, thousands to give it publication, and millions to swallow it whole. Michelet, though a professed infidel, is lauded to the Heavens by Protestant Divines, for the brilliancy and truth of his accounts of inquisitorial Catholic cruelty. No matter who writes or speaks against Catholic legislation, be he robber, perjurer, atheist, apostate, libertine or usurper, his sins are immediately washed out, and all that issues from him is regarded as a splendid triumph of truth—as a weapon which shall irresistibly promote and secure the civilization of the universe and finally effect the complete overthrow of the Roman Catholic faith. The credulity of Protestants has no bottom, and their injustice no bounds.

But there is no room for astonishment at all this. It has two shameful causes. The first is bigotry. Men will believe and say anything against the measures which accord with the spirit of an institution they always abominate and which it is their interest to subvert. The second cause is ignorance—ignorance of the foundation of penal right and of the just manner in which that right should be exercised. When one school of Protestant jurists teach that the basis of this right is the consent of the people; when another advances that its foundation is self-love; when another lays down, with all the gravity in the world, that it rests in the right of defence, from which some have deduced, that for offences *past* there can be no legitimate punishment, thus throwing odium on the Eternal Justice; and when others again declare that no such right at all exists, it is no wonder that the Protestant appreciation of it should not be very just. And such we find the case to be. Each Protestant nation has but one standard—and that its own—of punishment for the same crimes, for all times, and for all people.

Nothing can be more absurd or unjust than this. The same crime is committed by different individuals through different motives and through various degrees of motive when the motive is essentially the same. The fact that men have different faculties, different pursuits, different ages, different spheres in life, &c., &c., &c., suppose nothing else. Criminals, too, are not equally susceptible of correction. A fine against a wealthy delinquent would hardly effect any correction at all. Whereas on the head of a poor offender, nothing so corrective could be imposed. This is as true of classes as it is of individuals. For different individuals and for different classes, therefore, there must be different punishments. One of the chief reasons for which crimes are punished is to produce a salutary effect on the minds of the classes among whom the chastisement is made. Before different classes, therefore, different punishments. But men and all by which they are influenced are continually improving, receding, sinking, rising, changing. For different times, therefore, there must be for the same offences in the same country—that is among the same people—different punishments. There are different countries, too, inhabited by races differing in everything. The Irish are not like the Dutch. The former are religious, impulsive, witty, cheerful and profuse. The latter are lethargic, plodding, dull and avaricious. The people of Scotland possess thrift, coldness, and love their purses rather than their souls. The Spaniards are hospitable, courteous, proud, profuse, gallant and brave, always preferring their religion to any minor consideration. The Scots and the Castilians are as widely apart as chivalry and book-keeping. The Germans are mythical, metaphysical, apathetic, fond of tobacco and beer. The Italians are full of the spirit of poetry, of music, of painting and sculpture, unsurpassed for their learning, cheerful, confident, and to a high degree enthusiastic. The stalwart blue-eyed Goths, and the swarthy Celts of Southern Europe, are as different from each other as ruby wine and bitter, frothy lager beer. The French are a noble race, magnificently endowed for the Church, the forum, the senate, the camp and the fine arts, and more volatile than any other nation. John Bull is a heavy animal, stupid, arrogant, rapacious, fond of swearing, of power and of roast beef, and able to procure and to keep without restraint and without stint both the one and the other. These hereditary foes have no more in common than lead and bell-metal. The Greeks are not like the Russians. The Turks differ from the Chinese. Thus every nation has its characteristics, physical, intellectual and moral. The people of different climes have, therefore, like different individuals and classes, different motives for the perpetration of the same offences, and are, like them, differently influenced by the punishment of the same offences, and as a consequence, the inhabitants of various countries require difference in chastisement for the same misdemeanors.

It is, therefore, established, that for the same offences different persons are to be differently, punished; that for the same offences different classes are to be differently punished; that different periods demand for the same crimes different punishments, and that different countries are to be treated each in a special manner. Here is the philosophy of the thing.

This has always been the course of the Church, and of legislators advised by the Church. That Institution never forgot and it never will forget that as individuals, classes and nations differ as to their motives to crime, that as they are differently influenced by the chastisement of crime, and that as times change, differences with regard to all that appertains to men necessarily happen, it is both wise and just to have different penal specifics for the same offences.

Not so, however, with Protestanism. It never was, never will be either just or rational. It will continue as it commenced, faithful to no point for a decent length of time, excepting its animosity to the true Church.

J. M. S.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Lord Ellenborough's resignation.—The Lords' Amendments to the Oath's bill.—Baron Rothschild on the Committee.—Mortality in the army.—The newly-elected member for Limerick unseated.—Irish Reformatory Schools.—India.—China.—Diplomatic and ministerial appointments.—Signor Borromeo.—Abuse of Catholics; a lecture interrupted.

London, 14th May, 1858.

The proclamation of the Governor-General of India has furnished the first serious obstacle against which the Derby Ministry has stumbled. Lord Ellenborough's despatch disapproving of that document in every sense has been seized upon with avidity by the opposition as a means of throwing the Ministerial camp into disorder. They contend that it was a most egregious blunder, and calculated to make the task of subduing the Indian rebellion still more difficult by showing the natives that the representative of British power in India is not supported by the government at home. They also affect to look upon his Lordship's action as rather the result of party feeling and the desire of inflicting a preconceived and public insult on Lord Canning than of a wish to further the British cause in India. They have thus placed the Derby Ministry in an unpleasant position, as is evident from the resignation of Lord Ellenborough, who, in the hope of saving the government of which he was a member, jumped into the chasm which he was instrumental in making. In announcing that he had tendered his resignation to her Majesty, on Tuesday, his lordship complained bitterly of the conduct of Mr. Vernon Smith, the Secretary of the Board of Control under the late Ministry, in keeping a note he had received from Lord Canning explaining the motives he had in issuing his proclamation, and said that the question would be looked upon in a different light in India from that in which it was viewed in England. Lord Derby passed a glowing eulogium on the talents and public services of Lord Ellenborough. The latter Lord's self-sacrifice, however, will scarcely succeed in saving the Ministry, and the general opinion is that the days of the Derby phalanx are numbered.

On Monday, the amendments of the Lords to the Oath's bill came under consideration. Lord John Russell moved that the House should disagree with them and the motion was opposed by Mr. Newdegate. On a division the motion was carried by a majority of 113. Lord John then moved that a committee to draw up the reasons of disagreement with the amendments should be appointed, and Mr. T. Duncombe moved that Baron Rothschild should be appointed member of the Committee, but after some remarks by various members for and against the motion the debate was adjourned to the following day on motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the resumption of the debate the question as to whether the House could call upon a member, who had not taken the oath, to sit on committees or do any other duty, was discussed. The case of Sir Joseph Jekyl was cited as a precedent. On a division the Baron was appointed by a majority of 55.

The great mortality in the army was the subject of a resolution, that it was the effect of the bad sanitary condition of the barracks. It further resolved that much remained to be done in the way of barrack improvement, principally with a view to the discontinuance of the billet system. A member recommended the government to sell the old barracks which were not worth their cost. The resolutions, which were proposed by Lord Ebrington, were subsequently agreed to.

The Limerick Election Committee has decided that Major Gavin was unduly elected, his agents having been guilty of bribery, but without his knowledge and against his express instructions. Three candidates are already in the field for the representation of the city celebrated for lace and lasses: they are Mr. Ball, the defeated candidate in the last election, Mr. Synon and Mr. Spaight. Mr. Synon is considered the most popular candidate of the three.

The Reformatory Schools (Ireland) Bill was read a second time on Wednesday. The royal assent has been given to several bills of minor importance. The Indian Resolutions go on but slowly. When the resolution that a Secretary of State for India be appointed came up, it was suggested by Mr. Vernon Smith that the functionary *in prospectu* should be called responsible Minister for the Crown, which was adopted by the government.

The intelligence from India presents nothing striking. Sir Colin Campbell was to have started from Lucknow for Rohilcund where a hot-weather campaign was inevitable. The insurgents were in great force near Futtypore and near Benares. A regiment sent to Azimghur had met with a very severe resistance. Sir Hugh Rose was still at Ihansi and large numbers of the insurgents were manœuvering to get into his rear. All was quiet at Lucknow. Sixty of the 4th Bengal Light Cavalry were condemned to be hanged and one hundred and twenty to be transported for life. Bareilly and Calpee were in the hands of the insurgents, no attack having been yet made on these places.

The news from China is absolutely devoid of interest, and it is impossible to glean from it any idea of the actual state of things in that quarter of the globe.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, who must have left such post-prandial recollections in your half of the globe, has been appointed to Constantinople in the room of the sometime famous Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The *Times* has given place to a report that Lord Stanley would succeed Lord Ellenborough as President of the Board of Control, and, in that case, Sir E. B. Lytton and Mr. Kerr Seymer are both spoken of as the successors of Lord Stanly, in the Colonial Office.

The famous Signor Borromeo, the author of the "Italian Conference" hoax, has been arrested in the Reading Theatre, where he was appearing in a new character—as "Dr. Tucker" in a lecture on "Electro-Biology." He was brought up the other day at Bow street, on a charge of obtaining one guinea under false pretences, made against him by Mr. Langley, of the *Morning Star*. He was committed for trial, and bail was refused. Alas! poor Signor!

One of those itinerant lecturers, whose profession it is to abuse and insult Catholics and their religion, was near being the cause of a riot at Walall. The Catholic population of that place, excited by his insults, determined to put an end to them, and went to the Assembly Room where he was "lecturing," but the lecturer saved them the trouble of stopping him, for he ran out of the hall. The people, after some time, dispersed, in conformity with the advice of one of the Reverend Clergy of Walsall.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Close of the Legislative Session.—Increase of the army.—Meeting of the Plenipotentiaries.—The Chalons-sur-Saone insurgents.—No change in the Ministry of Finance.—The Month of Mary in Paris.—Pere Lavigne.—Monseigneur de Charbonnel.—Interesting ceremony.—Anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.—State of affairs in India according to a private letter.—Restitution of Church Property in Spain.

Paris, 6th May, 1858.

An Imperial decree has appointed the 8th instant for the closing of the session of the Corps Legislatif. On Friday last the budget for 1858 was accepted by that body. There were but three dissentient voices which were those of three opposition members, M. Darimon of the *Presse*, M. Henon and M. Ollivier. A second decree calls into activity the remaining conscripts of the class of 1856. This will give an increase of 42,060 to the army which will then constitute an effective of 342,400 men.

The plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, met on the 30th inst., at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, to take cognizance of the final act signed at Constantinople on the 5th of last December to ratify the result of the labors of the commission instituted by the 30th Article of the Treaty of Paris for the verification of the frontiers of Russia and Turkey in Asia.

The Chambre des Mises en Accusation of the Court of Dijon gave a decision on Friday last by which the thirty persons accused of having taken part in the insurrectionary attempt at Chalons-sur-Saone, on the 6th of March, are to be sent before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. The trial will shortly take place.

The report of an intended change in the Ministry of Finance has been contradicted by the *Moniteur*. It says that the confidence of the Emperor in M. Magne is greater than ever, and the attacks of which that functionary is the object have only had the effect of increasing it, for they have no other cause than the impartial firmness with which the Minister dicharges his duties, and defends on all occasions the important interests confided to him.

Last week was devoted in all the Parishes of the city to making preparations for the celebration of the month of Mary. A list of preachers in all the Churches has been published. The Rev. Pere Lavigne, one of the most eloquent and popular of our city preachers, delivers one of his effective discourse every evening at Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. Immense crowds of all classes throng to hear him. On Saturday the 1st inst., Monseigneur de Charbonnel celebrated the opening Mass of the month of Mary in the Church of St. Severin and delivered a short but admirable allocution. The bishop of Toronto preaches to-day in the Church of St. Nicolas-des-Champs and to-morrow in the Church of St. Martin in aid of the Propagation of the Faith.

A most interesting ceremony took place on the same day in the Chapel of the Reverend Dominican Fathers in the Rue de Vaugirard on Monday last. It was the first Communion of a number of little street sweepers belonging to the Institution for those poor little children which is under the direction of Mgr. de Segur. This Institution is of infinite benefit to those poor little wanderers who are for the most part Savoyards and have neither parents nor friends in this vast city.

On Monday last, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, Monseigneur Guillemin, Apostolical Prefect of a Chinese Province, celebrated the usual anniversary Mass, which was followed by an eloquent sermon by the Rev. Pere Ollivaint.

The *Gazette du Midi* publishes a letter from Calcutta from the commercial representative of a house in Marseilles which gives the following account of the state of affairs in India:

"No serious blow has as yet been struck by the English. It is ever the same story: brilliant feats of arms, the enemy routed in every encounter, massacred in thousands, but rising from its ashes the next day, and succeeding each other without any apparent result for the victors. . . . The tactics of the insurgents are to gain time, and they have, so far, succeeded in it. They will defend each city as long as they can, then abandoning it they will scatter themselves on all sides, and will commence a guerilla war which will be much more harrassing and destructive to the English, who thus are obliged to keep the field during the hot and the rainy weather. How many of those young and brave soldiers whom we saw, but a few months ago, land full of courage and health, have already fallen and will yet fall victims to this terrible climate, exposed to it, as they are, in all its rigor: this is what the English generals do not publish in their despatches."

This letter was not intended for publication by the writer, but merely as a guide to a commercial firm in its Indian speculations.

The *Gazette de Madrid* publishes the decree making restitution to the Church of the property of which it was despoiled by the law of the 1st May, 1855.

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The Queen of Holland.—The Emperor's summer projects.—Another Ministerial crisis in Spain.—Statue of Urban V. in Auxerre.—The King of Naples and the author of the "Conspirators in England."—The London correspondent of the Pays.—Private report from Sir C. Campbell.—The anniversary of Joan of Arc at Orleans.—First Communion and Confirmation of soldiers' children.

Paris, 13th May, 1858.

We have another royal visitor among us. Parisians will soon get tired of seeing foreign sovereigns, they have seen so many of them for some time past. Our present guest is the Queen of Holland who has arrived with her son, the Prince Alexander. On the day of her arrival the Queen was received at the station by the Emperor and the Princess Mathilde, and then drove through the Boulevard de Sebastopol to the Tuileries, where the Empress, Prince Jerome, the Grand Duchess of Baden and the Duchess of Hamilton, awaited her. The Queen who is related to the Bonaparte family will go it is said with the Emperor and Empress to Fontainebleau on the 22d, if she should prolong her stay in France to that period. The Emperor and Empress it is reported will pass a month at Fontainebleau, whence he will return and remain at Saint Cloud until the 15th of July and go thence to Cherbourg. The Empress will afterwards go to Biarritz and the Emperor to Plombieres. It is reported and widely credited in Madrid that the Queen of Spain will go to Biarritz during the sojourn there of the Emperor and Empress.

At the date of the latest intelligence from Madrid, that capital was under the excitement consequent upon another ministerial crisis. Senor Dias, the Minister of the Interior, had resigned, and the session of the Cortes was suspended. The Minister of Justice took charge of the Interior Department.

The last meeting of the Session of the present Corps Legislatif has taken place. A fair amount of business has been transacted during the Session, which commenced the 28th November, was suspended the 3d December, and reopened the 19th January.

The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* states that a petition, numerously signed, has been presented to the Emperor praying that the Count de Morny might be appointed hereditary Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia.

The Municipal Council of Auxerre has voted a sum of 200 francs for the erection of a statue to the memory of Guillaume de Grimoard, Abbe of the monastery of St. Germain d'Auxerre, and who since ascended the pontifical throne under the name of Urban V. The Abbe de St. Germain, when he became Pope, did not forget the people of Auxerre; they were several times the recipients of his benevolence, and they have shown that they are neither forgetful nor ungrateful.

His Majesty the King of Naples has sent a gold medal to M. Charles de Bussy, author of the *History of his Holiness Pius IX.*, and of the *Conspirators in England.*

The *Pays* (semi official) has published a letter from its correspondent in London, announcing that a secret report from the Commander-in-Chief of the English in India, urgently asking for reinforcements, had been received in the English Capital. It states that in the document Sir Colin Campbell confesses to heavy losses, both in the field and by sickness; that the Kingdom of Oude, notwithstanding the taking of Lucknow, is still in open insurrection, and that the revolt, instead of diminishing, is daily spreading; that under these circumstances, it is necessary to enable him to hold his position, that fresh troops should be immediately sent out to him.

The imposing ceremonies which preceded the great fete of the 8th of May were commenced with all the usual splendor and solemnity. The blessing of the banner of Joan of Arc, the Cathedral illuminated with Bengal lights, the sacred hymns and the giving of the pontifical benediction formed an imposing ceremony worthy of the occasion. On Sunday at 10 o'clock the anniversary mass for the deliverance of Orleans was celebrated and Rev. M. Deplace, of this city, pronounced the panegyric of the heroine. He spoke of Joan of Arc as a martyr and liberator. His discourse was a succession of striking and noble thoughts on the providence of God in the government of the world and in the destiny of France. The procession which left the Cathedral at noon was composed of the religious, civil and military authorities of Orleans and was headed by the Gendarmes a cheval. All the civil societies joined in doing honor to the memory of the chaste heroine.

The children of the soldiers belonging to the 1st regiment of Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard received their first Communion on Wednesday, in the Chapel of the Quartier de l'Ecole Militaire. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop, subsequently administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to these *enfants de troupe.*

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The German May Festival.—A number of German societies assembled in the neighborhood of Yorkville, on Monday, the 24th ult., (Whit-Monday,) for the purpose of celebrating their annual May Festival. It is computed that nearly twenty thousand persons were present. Mayor Tiemann was on the ground and delivered himself of one or two speeches. Superintendent Tallmadge was also on hand, and in order to curry favor with the Germans as well as to wipe out all recollections of the murder of their countryman Miller, and the maiming of several others in the 17th Ward in July last, proceeded to pay the Germans a compliment at the expense of their Irish fellow-citizens. The stupid Superintendent in the course of his stupid address gave vent to the following. He said: "If there were as many Irishmen collected on a similar occasion there would probably be the need of the whole police force to keep them quiet, but they (the Germans) were all peaceable and quiet." When Tallmadge had got to this length he found himself suddenly brought to a halt by a person in the crowd, to whom such stuff as the above had become intolerable, demanding "how about drinking Lager on Sunday?" This was a finisher. Tallmadge looked blank, then idiotic; the crowd perceived the ridiculousness of his situation and vented itself in shouts and cries of derision. This was too much for the calumniator who hid his diminished head and fled. Now that our fugitive orator has, we presume, recovered his shattered wits, we beg leave to assure him, as well as all others of his *confreres*, that we have witnessed assemblages of Irishmen nearly twenty times as numerous as this German demonstration of Whit-Monday—nay, amounting, in one or two instances, to half a million of human beings, and that said assemblages were held, addressed, and finally separated and sent to their home again without giving such malicious falsifiers as himself a single opportunity of gratifying or letting loose their pent-up malice. In conclusion, we hold that the man who, invested with judicial authority, makes use of his position for the purpose of prejudicing one portion of the inhabitants of a large city, such as this, against another, we hold that such a man has become a pest, a public nuisance, and instead of being a peacemaker among men, transforms himself into a breeder of discord, a veritable agent of the devil.

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friends to Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Coffee—The market for Rio and most other kinds is dull and heavy. Late dates have been received from Rio at New Orleans. American lots were quoted at 4$800, which is an advance of 200 reis. Sales of 400 bags Rio at 10c. and 150 bags Laguayra at 11¼c.

Candles—Adamantine are quiet, and prices unchanged; the recent attempt of unity of sentiment among the producers, to have their works stopped for a time, has fallen through like all similar previous efforts. Sperm and Patent are in good request at steady rates. We note sales, 200 boxes of the former at 40c., and 100 do. of the latter at 50c.

Flour and Meal—The demand for Western Canal Flour is quite active for the home trade, the East and for export, and prices of superfine State are well sustained; but Western brands are easier, with the exception of round-hoop extra Ohio, which is scarce and wanted; Chicago brands have sold more readily, but at irregular rates; the sales are 18,000 bbls. at $3 85@$3 90 for common to good State, $4@$4 10 for extra do.; $3 90@$4 for superfine Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, &c.; $4@$4 40 for extra do.; $4 40@$4 50 for shipping brands of round-hoop Ohio extra; $4 50@$5 for trade brands do.; $4 60@$7 for St. Louis brands do, and $4 85@$6 50 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is lower and is more active; the arrivals are fair; sales of 1,200 bbls. at $4@$5 40 for extra brands; no superfine here. Southern Flour is in fair request for the home trade, and prices are without important variation; the arrivals are moderate, and good family brands are rather more saleable.

Fish—The market continues languid and heavy, without, however, any essential change in prices in the absence of cargo sales.

Provisions—The Pork market is lower and unsettled for all kinds, with the exception of Prime; this is well held. The sales are 1,170 bbls. at $17 35@$17 40 for Mess; $16 75@$17 for Thin Mess; $13 for Clear; $13 25 for Choice; $13 75@$14 for Rumps; $16 25 for Prime Mess, and $14 25 for Prime; included in the sales are 500 bbls. Prime, buyer's option, 60 days, at $14 50. Beef is steady, and in fair demand for the trade and the East; sales 315 bbls. at $8@8 50 for the Country Prime; $10 50@11 50 for do. Mess; 11 50@$13 50 for repacked Western Mess, and $14@14 25 for extra do.; Prime Mess is quiet at $18@22. Bacon is firmly held at 9@10c., and is in small stock. Cut Meats are rather lower; sales of 166 hhds. and tcs. at 8@8½c. for Hams, and 6½@6¾c. for Shoulders, in salt. Western Bacon is in moderate demand, and is steady; sales of small lots at 9¾@10c. Rough Sides are scarce and wanted at 8½@8¾c. Lard has improved slightly under the news from Europe, and with something doing for export, and more inquiry for the home trade, the market closes better; sales of 914 bbls. and tcs. at 11¼@11½c., and kegs 12¼c. Butter is in better supply, and is lower; common qualities are very heavy and abundant; sales of Ohio at 11@20c., State at 14@20c., and Pennsylvania at 14@17c. Cheese is plenty and dull at 5@8c.

Rice—There is no movement. We quote nominally at 3¼@3¾c.

Skins—The inquiry for both descriptions is limited for the moment. Goat are in light stock and are firm in price, but Deer are plenty and still depressed.

Seeds—A moderate business doing in Clover and Timothy Seeds at previous rates. Rough Flax Seed is selling slow at $1 50@$1 55 ℔ bush. of 56lb.

Salt—The demand for Liverpool Fine is good; sales of 1,900 sacks Ashton's on private terms.

Spelter—The demand is moderate but prices are unchanged.

"Green are thy Hills."

(IRISH BALLAD.)

Poetry by A. JOHNSTONE. Composed by HENRY R. ALLEN.

ESPRESSIVO.

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Green are thy hills oh sweet E - rin Ma - vour - neen, In the hearts of thy sons so they ev - er will be.

Clear are thy streams, like the eyes bright - ly beam - ing, Of thine own dark ey'd daughters in

f *f*

in - no - cent glee. My coun - try! my coun - try! tho' waves roll be - tween us They can - not wash

fp *fp*

f *sf*

out thy dear name from my heart: Though years may roll on, and the stran - ger may deem us Di -

sf *ff*

pp Vibrato.

- - vi - ded, thy mem' - ry will ne - ver de - part.

p Col canto. *mf* *p* *pp*

2 Roaming through forests whose beauty still changing,
Makes the heart of the exile with rapture to glow;
I think of the time, when thy fresh mountains ranging,
And the tear of remembrance is ready to flow.

My country! my country! tho' far from that lov'd earth,
Where first I drew breath, from these lips should it go;
My last sigh will be thine, darling land of my birth,
My last pray'r for thee Erin! in welfare or woe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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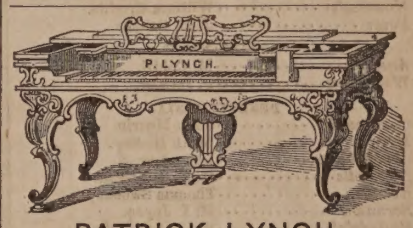

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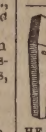

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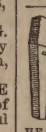

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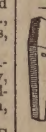

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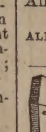

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